

THE FIVE CENT

# WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 652.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1885

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

{ PRICE  
5 CENTS. }

Vol. I

## YOUNG DAVY CROCKET;

OR,

The Hero of Silver Gulch.

By WILD BILL.





The subscription price for THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY for the year 1882 will be \$2.50 per year; \$1.25 per 6 months, post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

# Young Davy Crockett,

OR,

## THE HERO OF SILVER GULCH.

By WILD BILL.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OUR HERO AND HIS PETS.

THE scene of this story is laid on the Sweet-water River, near the Rattlesnake range of mountains, in Wyoming Territory, about fifteen years ago.

The hero was a young hunter about seventeen years of age, with a shapely, well-knit frame, black hair and eyes, turned and toughened by long exposure to all sorts of weather.

The hunters and traders with whom he frequently had intercourse or dealings used to call him Young Davy Crockett, partially on account of his remarkable resemblance to that mighty and renowned hunter, and partially because his habits and inclinations were so like those of the celebrated Texan.

But who he was beyond that, neither he nor any one else appeared to know or care.

His earliest recollection of himself was that he was one of a company of emigrants that had started for California from somewhere on the Mississippi River, and that they had been attacked by a body of Indians while going through South Pass, and that all had been cruelly murdered by them, the only living things escaping them being himself and a huge mongrel dog, then a mere pup, however.

The pup fled in fright, and Davy, being only a small boy, was also enabled to dodge out of the sight of the bloodthirsty savages, and to remain in concealment until they withdrew, thinking that they had slain the whole party.

After wandering about for two or three days, alone and bewildered, he at length came upon the remains of the wagon from which he had escaped. But the dreadful sight which met his gaze almost killed the boy.

There lay the bones of the party, stripped of their flesh by wild beasts and birds of prey, and a feeling of the most terrible desolation overcame him.

Nearly starved as he was, for in his terror at being lost in such a wild region, he had almost forgotten he was hungry, he sank down upon the earth and cried as though his heart was breaking.

It was now about noon, and while he sat there with his head bowed in his hands, a joyous yelp close by his side startled him to his feet, in the greatest terror.

His first thought was that one of the terrible beasts that had devoured his companions had returned to devour him, but on glancing around, what was his childish joy at beholding the dog, that had also escaped the massacre, bounding towards him.

Had it been his own father, brother, or companion, he could scarcely have received a heartier welcome or given him more delight.

He caught the big, clumsy fellow in his arms and hugged him for joy, while the dog manifested almost human delight at finding even one person left to him.

He placed his paws around the boy's neck, and licked his face in the excess of the joy he could not speak.

"Grip, old boy, oh, how glad I am to see you. You are all that's left to me now," said he, as the tears streamed down his cheeks.

An intelligible whine was his reply, and then he started away a rod or so and began smelling around the ruins of the wagon, uttering a plaintive howl now and then as he seemed to comprehend the horrible tragedy that had been enacted there.

As before stated, Grip was a large, powerful pup, and Davy and he had been first-rate friends ever since the journey had begun, and finding that he at least had him for a companion, our weebegone young hero took heart, and the tears gradually dried up.

"Come, Grip, we must stick to each other now, for we haven't got anybody else to stick to," said he, getting up and going towards the dog. "Oh, if I only had something to eat! I could eat a raw snake, I believe," he mused.

Going to the wagon that lay thrown against a ledge of rocks, he timidly began to pull over the ruins to see if there did not remain something that would stay his gnawing stomach.

The savages had carried off all they could lay their hands on, including the horses and the rifles of the emigrants, and what remained was only a wreck indeed.

But while rummaging around, he discovered a loaf of bread. Quick as thought he seized it and began to push large pieces of it into his mouth, and he ate for five minutes without stopping to catch his breath hardly. Then he happened to think of Grip, who was nosing about among the ruins, and called him.

Grip gave a yelp, but did not come to him; and thinking it strange he got down out of the wrecked wagon and went around to see what he was doing.

There he found him tugging at something, trying to pull it out from under the forward wheel of the wagon, and on nearing it he found that the keen-scented creature had discovered a ham that had been thrown out of the provision chest in the contest and escaped the notice of the savages.

"Ho, ho, Grip, old boy; what have you here?" A yelp was his only answer as he tugged away at the prize.

Davy lent his assistance and they soon had the ham, from which each made a good meal in connection with the loaf of bread.

"Bully for us, Grip. We weren't born to starve, were we?" he asked, patting the dog, and receiving a friendly yelp in reply.

After his hunger had been appeased he began to overhaul and investigate the ruined wagon.

He found several loaves of bread and three more hams, together with several strips of salt pork and bacon, and the boy's heart leaped high as he saw that starvation could not overtake him and his canine friend just yet.

The Indians appeared to take but little notice of the clothing and provisions, or the tools of their victims; their chief object being to secure their rifles and horses, so before he got through he found food enough to last him several weeks which they had overlooked, and which the beasts took no notice of, while a more ghastly repast awaited them elsewhere.

After he had secured all the provender he could find, he happened to think of the teamster's rifle that had been carried all the journey in some straps which confined it close to the bottom of the wagon, entirely out of sight.

Happiness enough! There it was, safe and sound, together with a large stock of ammunition, which was also cunningly hidden beneath the body of the wagon, and, boy though he was, he drew them forth with feelings of rapture.

It was a beautiful rifle, and he had often fired it, being a great favorite with the old teamster, and at the same time a good shot for one is young. But the truth was, he had always been used to firearms, and brought up in that part of the country where even children are taught to shoot, and consider it a part of their earliest education.

"Oh, oh! but how bully this is!" said he, kissing the handsome rifle. "If the Indians had not leaped upon them so suddenly, I bet old Mack would have given 'em a taste of who he was with this."

Grip pranced joyfully up to where he stood, and after smelling of the rifle a moment began to howl with seeming delight, as though he understood that they had found another friend.

"I arn't all alone anyway, that's some comfort," said he, patting Grip on the head. "I'll make my way somehow, see if I don't. But where shall I go, I wonder? I heard old Mack say the other day that we were hundred of miles from where any white man lives. What shall I do?"

He sat down on a rock and tried to collect his thoughts, and decide upon what he should do under the circumstances.

While thus engaged Grip gave a sudden growl, and looking up he saw an antelope on a crag just above him on the opposite side of the pass.

It was looking down in wonder at Grip, evidently not knowing whether he was friend or foe, and not seeing Davy at all.

"Crickety-crack!" exclaimed Davy, softly, "arn't it pretty, though?"

He had often admired these graceful animals, for they had seen and killed many of them on their journey; and he sat there watching it, while Grip stood still, looking first at the antelope and then at Davy, as much as to say—"Arn't you going to put a head on that nice piece of meat?"

"By jingo! it seems almost too bad to shoot it, it looks so awful pretty. But meat is meat, and I want it. Besides, I don't think it will care so much about dying as I would; for if I shoot it, it will die on a full stomach; and if I don't, I shall croak on an empty one. So here goes."

He raised the hammer of the rifle and looked to see if the cap was all right, and finding it so, he drew a bead on the astonished antelope, and astonished it still more by sending a bullet through its head. The animal leaped upward and outward, falling dead within ten feet of where Grip stood.

"Go for it, Grip!" said Davy, and, with much more pluck than is often seen in a pup, the dog rushed upon the dead antelope, seized it by the ear, and began tugging away for dear life.

"That's right, Grip; that's right. You'll make a first-class hunting dog yet. So, so; he's a nice fat fellow, and will keep starvation away from us for a long time. But how the mischief shall I skin it?" said he, remembering that he had no knife.

He returned again to the wagon and began to search among the ruins for something that would enable him to dress the game, and after quite a



while he found a large hunting-knife that had escaped the notice of the savages. With this he set to work, and remembering how he had seen it done, he managed to skin the antelope and secure the four quarters of it, while Grip enjoyed a perfect feast in the meantime.

By this time it was two or three o'clock, and he began to wonder how he should take care of his provisions and of himself.

"I have heard of people living in caves. I wonder if I can find one around here?" saying which, he started back a few rods and began to look for a cave or some place where he could find a shelter.

After searching for an hour he at length came upon an opening in the solid, rocky mountain side, before which grew a tangle of vines and trees. In fact, it was by the merest accident that he discovered it at all.

He pushed away the vines and peered into it. So far as he could see it was not a very large, but evidently a perfectly dry cave.

Taking some matches from his pocket, he forced his way through, struck a light, and as the rays lit up the dark interior, he found himself in a room about twenty feet square, having irregular sides, but dry and comfortable.

"This will do; won't it, Grip?" said he, and the dog gave a yip of assent, as though perfectly satisfied.

Returning to the spot where lay the four quarters of the antelope and his other provisions, he at once began to remove his few possessions to his new home, verily his home in the mountain.

Long before dark he had stocked his cave with all the provisions he could find, and the ruins of the wagon, including several blankets and some clothing and tools that the Indians had left, probably without knowing their value or use.

When the shades of night gathered in the great South Pass, our youthful hero had arranged himself quite a comfortable home, and, overcome with the labors of the day, he was glad enough to seek the rude couch he had constructed out of boughs and the few blankets he had found.

Grip also rested at the feet of his master, and the long, silent hours passed away without either of them knowing of their length or the triple darkness in which they were enshrouded.

But when morning came they awoke greatly strengthened and refreshed. Davy went out to sniff the fresh morning air, and Grip, by his own instinct, led him to a stream where he found a pure gush of water, cool and sweet.

Making a fire between two boulders near the mouth of his cave, he proceeded to cook some of the antelope, and never did repast taste sweeter than it then tasted to young Davy Crockett, and his only living friend, Grip.

## CHAPTER II.

### DAVY FINDS ANOTHER PET.

MONTH after month passed away, and no white man found his way through the grand South Pass. Davy and his dog were all alone, but by no means idle.

During the time he had killed several large animals and as much smaller game as he wanted, and had fixed up his cave until it was indeed a very comfortable abode.

Meantime Grip grew stronger and larger, changing from a great overgrown puppy to a powerful, sagacious dog; a good hunter and a trusty friend, who appeared to know how his young master was situated, and to sympathize with him in every way.

And Davy grew as well, for labor made him strong; and boy though he was, few men could shoot as well, and fewer still would dare climb where he went and take the same risks in obtaining game. Before three months he had secured a large number of skins and dried meat enough to last him for the next six months to come.

At the end of this time he had become thoroughly in love with the wild, free life of a hunter; and when a party of fur traders came along and bought his skins, giving him in return ammunition and other necessities, he refused to accept their offer to take him with them to Salt Lake City.

Grip was all the companionship he wanted, and relying upon his trusty rifle, he cared not for any other life.

But one day while out hunting he came upon an old she-bear and a cub; a well-directed bullet through the brain sent the old bear to kingdom come, and the cub was easily captured, of course.

Removing the skin he left the carcass to the wild beasts of the mountains, and taking the cub and it, he returned to his cave.

Of course the animal was a trifle lonesome at first and missed its mother's milk, but Davy took

a great fancy to the little cuss, and resolved to rear him by hand and make a pet of him. He gave him the name of Squeezer, and spent nearly all of his leisure time teaching him to do tricks, and found that he learned to do them very readily.

But presently Grip dropped to the racket and became jealous of Squeezer, seeing that Davy was devoting more time to the bear than he was to him, and he seemed to make up his mind to bounce the new-comer.

He tried one evening, but the cub rose upon its hind legs and gave Mr. Purp such a slap along-side of his jowl that it knocked him heels over head into a corner of the cave.

But Grip didn't feel satisfied; he picked himself up, shook his head a moment, and then with a nasty growl, he started for Mr. Squeezer. Davy saw that trouble was brewing between the pets, and at once put a stop to it, much to Grip's disgust.

After this he treated them more alike, and succeeded in not only making them good friends, but taught them to perform together, and had heaps of fun with them nights and rainy days.

There was one peculiarity about the bear which seemed almost human in its pathos, and that was the attachment it had for its mother's skin. Davy gave it to him for a bed the night he brought him home first, and from that time forth he would not allow either Davy or Grip to molest it in any way. Grip got several headaches for presuming to take a nap upon it.

Well, in this way the three friends grew up together, and became very much attached to each other. The bear became large, black and powerful, and with the tricks that Davy had learned him, he made himself not only agreeable, but exceedingly useful, as he would go out and lure other bears up to the cave, where they could be shot or trapped without difficulty.

As for Grip, he soon got his growth and became a large, powerful and keen-scented animal. Strong enough and fearless enough to grapple with the most savage beasts that roamed those wild mountain forests.

And so, at the end of a year, we see young Davy Crockett a strong, athletic hunter, in love with his wild mountain home and his sagacious pets.

Up to this time he had not been troubled by the Indians, although several of them had gone through the pass, either while hunting or on the war-path against some other tribe. Of course it will not be at all surprising that he bore them a deadly hate, since they had murdered his friends so savagely; but, although he determined to be revenged, he resolved to bide his time, and punish the red devils in his own good time and way.

But lately they had begun to lurk around the pass, more on account of the emigrants that occasionally took that route, and Davy had become watchful, lest they should discover his retreat or surprise him with a rifle ball some time.

One afternoon he was sitting in front of his cave, enjoying himself with the antics of his bear and dog, when the sharp crack of a rifle startled him, and a bullet startled Grip by taking off a piece of his left ear.

"Crickety-crack!" exclaimed Davy, "red devils as sure as snakes! Come!" he added, darting behind some shrubbery and entering his cave, followed by his pets.

"Quiet, now; let's see what's up," said he, grasping his trusty rifle and peering from the opening.

The Indians who had fired upon him were evidently puzzled to account for his sudden and mysterious disappearance, and for several minutes they stood looking at the spot where both boy and animals had vanished from, as though in doubt whether they had not sunk into the ground.

Davy watched sharply from the screen which the vines and leaves formed over the mouth of his cave, but for several minutes he could see nothing of the enemy.

"Blast their savage throats! they are laying low in hopes that I'll show up. But not for Davy, oh, no, no. I can watch as long as they can, and I propose to get the next shot myself. How is it with you, Grip, old boy?" he added, as his faithful dog came up to him as though for sympathy for his bleeding ear. "Blast my buckskins, if they haven't shot away your left ear. Poor Grip, I'm sorry for you. Your right ear is your left one now, arn't it? The only one you have got left. But I'll revenge you, old boy, never fear. Hist!"

Just then he saw a movement of some kind in the bushes about a hundred yards away, and instantly he trailed his rifle in that direction.

"I've got something waiting for you, you red devil," he muttered.

Grip and Squeezer stood right behind him, in the mouth of the cave, watching and waiting anxiously.

In a few moments there was another slight movement among the branches, and then a hideous painted head stole cautiously into view.

Quick as the flash of thought did Davy cover it with his trusty rifle, and the next instant a bullet lodged in the savage's skull.

Uttering a fierce yell, the Indian leaped into the air and fell dead among the underbrush.

"That was for you, Grip," said he, commencing to reload his rifle.

But he was not a moment too soon, for, seeing that they were discovered, the other three Indians sent up a terrible yell, and drawing their hatchets, they darted towards the spot where Davy stood screened from view.

When within a dozen rods, Davy drew another bead, and another Indian went to the devil, heels over head, leaving only two of them.

Before Davy could load again they were upon him, yelling like devils from the lower regions; and just as they were about to force their way through the thick screen, the dog and bear made a dive for them.

Grip leaped at the throat of one of them, while Squeezer seized the other around the waist with his huge paws, and throwing him down, fell upon him like a ton of iron, knocking the wind and life out of him at the same time.

Grip was not long in getting square for the loss of his ear, for he refused to let go of his victim until the devil had a better claim to him.

The attack had been so sudden, strange, and unexpected, that they were completely taken by surprise, and could not have offered any resistance had they attempted to.

"Bully boys!" said Davy, as he stood watching his pets. "Good for us! Here are four rifles and other fixings, and, cusses on the murderers of my friends, perhaps my parents, I'll let the wolves feast on them as they feasted on those poor emigrants."

Without loss of time he secured all the valuables about them, and stored them away in his cave; but one thing attracted his most mournful attention; for he found, attached to one of their belts, a scalp of most beautiful blonde hair, evidently taken from the head of a young lady.

Who was she? and he shuddered as he held the long silky tuft in his hands.

## CHAPTER III.

### DANGERS ACCUMULATING.

AT the end of a week, following the events of the last chapter, a party of fur traders came through the South Pass, and of course halted to see what Davy Crockett had accumulated during the past six months.

"I'm glad you've come, for I've got heaps of skins," said Davy, leading them into his cave.

"Wal, I should say as how you had," said the trader, gazing around. "How's that, pard?" he added, turning to his companion.

"Wal, for a kid, I should judge that war right smart," was the reply.

"But, I say, Davy, ben't you troubled with varmints?"

"Injuns?"

"Yas."

"Once or twice they have come fooling round here. But, I say," said he, leading them out to the mouth of the cave, "do you see those bones out there?"

"Wal, yas, Injuns?"

"Sure."

"Good for you, boy. But keep your eye peeled, for there are parts of several tribes on the prowl."

"Round here?"

"Wal, they're fightin' 'mong tharselves, an' a layin' for wagon trains. What the devil is this yer got here?" he added, pointing to Davy's bear.

"That's Squeezer, that is."

"Cosset?"

"Yes, captured him when he was a cub, and yer just remember that he's bully. He has killed his Injun, he has," replied Davy, patting him on the head.

"The devil!"

"Sure pop. One pile o' them bones belong to him and one to Grip here."

"Thunder an' gosh! Pard, how's that?"

"Good for the boy; good, by thunder!" replied the other trader.

"Oh, you're all right, Davy. The last time I war here, I was 'fraid-like for yer, but you're all 'Ge Dunk; if yer arn't I hope to be hornswaggled. But keep yer north eye skun, my lad, for them yer varmints is bad, you bet."

"All right; I'm not afraid of 'em," replied Davy.

"Good boy!" said the rough old trader, taking him by the hand. "But, come, let's drag out yer pelts an' see what ye're got, eos we want to get all ready for a start in the mornin'."



"All right. Let's pull 'em out here in the light and see how they look," said Davy.

The other trader had in the meantime brought the huge wagon up in front of the cave, and taking the mules from the pole had tied them to a tree close by, and after feeding them, had joined his comrade in bringing out the skins.

There was a fine lot, including some very rare ones, such as hunters very seldom secured; and while they were taking them out and placing them in separate piles, according to the kind and quality, one of the traders happened to take up the skin of Squeezer's mother, and the next instant the bear (who had been sitting on its haunches intently viewing the removal of the skins) pounced upon him and threw him to the ground.

"Ho! ha! help!" he yelled.

"Ha! Squeezer, stop!" said Davy, and the bear, uttering a warning growl, released his hold and allowed the trader to get up.

"What the thunderation does that mean?"

"What's the trouble, pard?"

"Hanged if I know; but I'd like to put my bowie in among his innards," growled he.

"That's all right, friends," said Davy, taking Squeezer by his collar. "You see that's his mother's hide, and he won't allow anybody to touch it."

"Ther thunder."

"No, I can hardly touch it myself; and as for Grip, he got nearly killed several times just for trying to take a snooze in it."

"That's curus kinder instinct, eh?"

"I guess so. Did he hurt you?"

"Not much; but gosh all snakes, how the darn critter did scare me."

"Well, that's all right. I ought to have told you."

"Davy, that thar instinct's wonderful," said the other trader, who had been looking at Squeezer and the jealously guarded skin.

"You are right."

"Some critters knows more nor Injuns, bust my barrel if they don't."

"I had rather have Squeezer for a friend than the best Injun I ever saw," said Davy, patting his shaggy coat fondly.

"Level head, lad, level as a gun-barrel. But, come, let's get out the rest of 'em."

Squeezer stood by and watched the trader closely, but it is safe to say that he didn't attempt to molest that old bear's skin again.

When they were all brought out, they proceeded to price and trade for them; but as Davy knew little what the hides were worth, the traders managed to get a first-rate trade out of him.

But it was ample for all his wants, and in return he received a large stock of ammunition, some clothing, whisky, and other necessities that he required, and about fifty dollars in money, all of which made him feel as rich as a king, and more in love with the life he was leading than ever before.

That evening, after the trade was all over, and the skins had been stowed into the wagon, and Davy's part had been safely housed, they gathered around the camp-fire, ate their supper, and gossiped about the latest affairs within the region of their acquaintance, and in all respects posting Davy regarding what was happening in the world beyond himself.

The next morning the traders continued their journey, leaving our hero once more alone, but with a solemn injunction to beware of the prowling bands of Indians who were hovering around the regular wagon roads, laying in wait for emigrants who were bound overland to California or Salt Lake City in Utah.

But Davy did not know what fear was, and so he patted his pets, cleaned his trusty rifle, and prepared to resume active operations.

Nearly two weeks passed, during which Davy continued his hunting, and Grip and Squeezer seemed to understand that the object was to renew the stock of skins, and they worked accordingly, doing almost as much towards capturing game as Davy did himself.

One evening about this time, and just as the sun was sinking behind the heaven-kissing hills, Davy was returning to his cave from his day's hunt. Two lion skins, three black bear skins, and one black fox's hung on Squeezer's back, as he waddled patiently along under his burden, proud and happy at serving his master, when a sudden thunder storm arose, and the angry clouds gathered black and thick around the mountain tops, and seemed to roll and tumble down their sides into the vale below.

Deep rolling thunder echoed from hill to hill, answered by the loud, sharp crashes from nearer clouds, and the forked lightning leaped from crag to crag, and crashed around them as they made their way down into the Pass.

"Rather lively, boys, arn't it?" said Davy, as he followed his pets down the difficult path. "It reminds me of a Fourth of July once in St.

Louis. Ough!" he exclaimed, as a deafening crash almost stunned him, and the lightning struck a tall cedar within a hundred feet of him, shattering it into kindling wood.

"Ah, the rain comes. Here, come in here to this shelter," said he, leading the way under a shelving rock, which afforded a slight shelter from the storm.

For about ten minutes the rain came down in a perfect deluge, and then the clouds, seemingly stripped, gradually faded away, leaving a clear view of the Pass, some fifty or seventy-five feet below, although the storm was raging with unabated fury above and was sending its dashing streams down the mountain side, coursing, roaring, and plowing deep gullies as they hurried to the vale beneath.

Davy stood beneath the shelving rock and watched this terrible exhibition of Nature's power, while his pets crouched in fear at his side.

But presently the rain ceased, and the clouds grew lighter, although the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed among the mountain peaks above them.

As the clouds grew less dense and he was enabled to see into the vale below, a sight met his gaze which almost chilled his blood.

Two emigrant wagons had been stopped in the Pass, near where the massacre had taken place as recorded in the first chapter, and a band of Indians were murdering and plundering the whites to whom it belonged.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Boys, there is trouble here," and quickly bringing his rifle to his shoulder he drew a bead on the chief, who was at the moment in the act of driving his ugly tomahawk into the head of a woman, and the next instant that devil started off on his ear for the happy hunting-grounds.

Of course this instantly produced a diversion, and not knowing how many enemies they had, the Indians flew to the cover without loss of time, leaving the three or four emigrants standing there, not knowing whether friend or foe had fired the shot.

Quick as thought almost Davy reloaded his rifle, and as night and darkness were fast closing in upon the scene, he resolved to steal down upon the rascals, and with his revolver that he had bought of the fur traders, take his chances at putting them to flight.

"Come, boys," he said, to his pets, at the same time throwing the heavy load of skins from Squeezer's back, "there's lots of fun for us here."

Both his dog and bear seemed to understand the situation exactly, and as he started stealthily down through the underbrush they followed in the most sagacious manner.

As they reached the foot of the hill some movement on their part attracted the attention of one of the hidden Indians, and incautiously he poked his head out from behind a rock.

Davy's quick eye spotted him, and his trusty rifle picked him so suddenly, that it is doubtful if the Indian ever knew what ailed him.

As he fired, Grip and Squeezer darted out from cover, and Davy, revolver in hand, went for that half dozen remaining Indians in a way that made them sick. They saw that nothing short of a desperate fight would overpower him, and so charged upon him at short range with their tomahawks.

But the moment one of them approached him, either his dog or his bear would pounce upon them and make short work of their waltzing out of this world. Meantime Davy emptied the seven chambers of his revolver, each one doing good service; and, recovering from his fright, one of the remaining men of the attacked party fired a shot which disabled the last Indian.

Squeezer and Grip did the rest, and Davy at once turned his attention to the party.

Four of them had been murdered by the skulking savages, and four remained alive; two men and two women. One of these men was a little old man, no relation to the party, and the other was a middle-aged man, the husband of one of the females and the father of the other. Yet, why this should be so heaven only knows, for the wife and daughter were brave, go-ahead people, while the husband and father was a blubbery poltroon; a great overgrown calf, who had bellowed right out at the first attack, and had crawled under one of the wagons, where he lay on his belly when Davy came up, praying, kicking his heels up, and making such a fool of himself that his wife and daughter were evidently ashamed of him. As for the other man he had been dreadfully frightened at first; but, old as he was, he recovered himself and made his little mark by toppling over one of the Indians with his rifle.

The storm had by this time cleared away, and the twilight smiled upon the ghastly scene.

"Are you hurt?" asked Davy, speaking to the daughter, a lovely girl about his own age.

"I believe not, thanks to you," said she.

"You are our savior," added her mother.

"Thanks; but how about this one under the wagon?" he asked, going to the man who still lay there, kicking his toes into the dirt and calling for mercy.

"Come out here, old man; what's the matter with you?" punching him gently with the butt of his rifle.

"Oh, murder, murder, Mr. Indian, don't kill me! I—I never done anything to you. Please don't scalp me!" he moaned most piteously.

"Bah! there's no Injuns here. Come out," said Davy.

"Oh, spare me! oh, please do!"

"Oh, please don't make a goose of yourself, John Jumper!" said his wife, savagely.

"Come out, father; the danger has passed."

"Come out, you cowardly goose!"

"Oh, Polly," he moaned, "pray for me!"

"I'll kick you, if you don't come out."

"Come out, or I'll set my dog on you," said Davy, laughing.

"Oh, Lord, Polly—is—ah, oh, whar am them awful savages?" he asked, slowly crawling from under the wagon.

"Dead! Come out, you old fool!" said she, contemptuously.

"Oh, Lord, there's a bar!" said he, catching sight of Squeezer, who stood close at hand, and at the same time dodging back under the wagon again.

Davy laughed heartily in spite of himself, and the ladies, in the excitement not having noticed Davy's pet, turned to see what the old man meant.

"Don't be afraid, ladies; it's only a pet of mine," said Davy, noticing their slight alarm.

"A pet?" asked Edna.

"Yes. I captured him when a cub, and he goes with me now like a dog."

"And he is not dangerous?"

"No; he's as harmless as a kitten. Come out, old man."

"B'ars!"

"You fool, it's only a cossit; come out," demanded his wife.

Gradually Mr. Jumper recovered his reason, and crawled cautiously out on all fours.

Meanwhile the other man was seeking for signs of life among those of his companions who had fallen at the hands of the Indians; but, alas! he found none; they were all dead.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, John Jumper?" demanded the indignant wife, seizing him by the collar and shaking him savagely.

"Oh, Polly, aren't it awful?" he whined.

"Yes, it's awful the way you act. Why don't you straighten up like a man and thank this young fellow for saving our lives?"

"Oh, whar be they? Call off that thar bar!" he said, getting behind his wife.

"You're an old jackass, Mister, and if it wasn't for your wife and daughter I'd set my pets on you," said Davy, turning away toward the other emigrant.

It was now nearly dark, and as there was no time to bury the dead bodies, Davy showed him a cave that he had discovered since selecting his own, and into which they carried them and rolled a huge stone against the mouth of it to prevent the wolves from getting at them. This done, the mules of the two wagons were corraled for the night, after which Davy and his pets led the way into their cave.

"Oh, don't let's go, Polly!" moaned Jumper.

"What's the matter with you now?"

"I'm sure this fellow's a bold robber, and if he gets us into his cave we shall all be murdered."

"Bah! you are not worth noticing."

"Oh, Polly, I wish we hadn't come!"

"Be still, father, and be thankful that this brave youth has saved our lives," said the daughter.

"I wish we had come alone," said the mother.

"See! they're going into a hole," he whined, as he saw Davy and the other man enter the cave.

"Oh, what a fool!" was all his wife could say, while the daughter attempted to quiet his fears.

Davy and the old man, whose name he learned to be Mulett, a Frenchman, soon became friends, and after reloading their pieces, so as to be ready for any event, they set about building a fire and getting supper.

The wagons were brought up in front of Davy's cave and secured, and in the course of half an hour a rude supper was prepared, and Mr. Jumper had become somewhat reconciled to his fate, and was holding his tongue very well.

But while they were eating their evening meal and talking over the events of the day, they did not see the dark, disguised face of a white man,



that peered at them from the crag on the opposite side of the Pass.

But after supper, and when Davy had set Grip to watch the wagons and mules, the party retired to the cave, tired and only too willing to sleep, in spite of all that had horrified them since morning.

Squeezer lay in one corner of the cave, for as yet his master had not given him permission to retire, and he was waiting orders. Davy pointed the ladies to a pile of skins, and begged them to make themselves as comfortable as possible, while the men were to take such chances as they could find for sleep.

"Oh, Polly, how I wish we hadn't come!" moaned old Jumper, as he saw her making up a bed of skins.

"Don't make any bigger fool of yourself than you can help, John Jumper," was her only reply.

"All right; but you know I was agin it."

"Bah!"

"Go to bunk, old man," said Davy.

"Go hide your tarn snoot!" said the Frenchman, who spoke but little, although that little always counted.

"I see I've got no friends here," he whined, as he turned to find some place whereon to rest his anatomy.

At length he discovered Squeezer's skin, the skin that once belonged to his mother, and while whining at his neglected and friendless condition, he proceeded to lay down upon it.

But before he had fairly spread himself, the watchful bear pounced upon him like a hog on an oyster.

"Murder! Murder! Murder! Help! Help!" he yelled. "Oh! Oh!"

Davy laughed heartily, while the others sprang to their feet in alarm.

"Hold on, Squeezer!" he shouted, and the bear released the frightened man, who fell limp and gone upon the skin.

"Oh, Lord!"

"Brace up, Squeezer!" said Davy, and the bear sat up and folded his arms like a man.

"Oh, Polly, I told you we should be murdered."

"But you ar'n't."

"Everybody's Injins an' bars here. Oh, I wish I'd stayed to home 'long ther folks."

"I wish you had," replied the wife, tartly.

"Go to bed, old man, it's all right; only you got on Squeezer's bed, and he won't have it."

"Go chuck your heat under some skin!" said the disgusted Frenchman.

"Come, Squeezer," said Davy, taking up the guarded skin and going to the mouth of the cave, "you must help Grip keep watch to-night."

The bear waddled along after his master, and lay down on the skin of his mother; after which Davy returned and fixed up a bed for himself and the Frenchman, leaving poor Jumper to find a resting-place wherever he could.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ONCE MORE ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Nothing happened during the remainder of the night to disturb Young Davy Crockett and his guests in the cave, and when morning came the beautiful Edna and her mother prepared breakfast, while the men folks went to look after the mules, and to bury the dead bodies of those slain the evening before.

John Jumper had lost something of his nervousness, but it required much spurring on the part of Davy and the Frenchman, Mulett, to brace him up to the task of helping to bury the dead, for he would start wildly every few minutes and manifest the greatest fear, as he imagined that the Indians were again upon them.

But at length the sad task was done, and all hands sat down to enjoy breakfast. It would have been a mournful occasion had it not been for Jumper, whose foolish fright at length became farcical, and made them all laugh in spite of themselves.

As for Squeezer, he somehow took an antipathy to the old fellow from the first, and while they were eating breakfast, he would hover around him, and occasionally open his mouth as though anxious and willing to take in both the breakfast he was eating and the frightened old man himself.

"Mr. what-is-your-name?" he asked, pathetically.

"Me?" asked Davy.

"Yas."

"Davy Crockett."

"Oh, Lord, you ain't the man we have always heard about?"

"No, I'm his son," said Davy, smiling.

"Well, please call off this bar. He makes me awful skeery."

"Oh, he's all right. Brave up, Squeezer," said he, and the bear at once stood on his hind legs and folded his fore paws. "How is it, Squeezer,

do you wish to make a breakfast on the old man?" asked Davy, with a half smile.

The bear bowed his head as if to say he would be delighted with a piece of the frightened old fool.

"Oh, Lord! Don't let him do it, Mr. Crockett, please don't. I'm not good eating; I'm tough," said he, tremblingly.

"Crickety-crack! I should say you are very tender, especially around the heart."

"That he is, Davy," said his wife. "He's the greatest coward I ever saw, and how he ever came thus far is a mystery."

"I only wish I hadn't, that's all."

"So do I, there," she replied, savagely.

"I only wish they had killed you instead of our brave teamster," said the Frenchman.

"Oh, Lord, I'm surrounded by enemies!" moaned he.

"But what are you going to do now?" asked Davy.

"That's the question. How shall we ever get through to Salt Lake City?" asked Mrs. Jumper.

"Madame, I vill takes you upon myzelf," said the Frenchman, bowing politely.

"Can you drive mules?" she asked, quickly.

"Madame, I can drive anyzing but vat you call ze coward man; ze poltroon," said he, glancing at Jumper.

"But can you drive a team of four mules?"

"Madame, you do over me. I fear zat I break all our necks together if I tried," said the brave Frenchman, remembering what devils mules are, even in single teams.

"I can drive one pair, mother," said Edna.

"Nonsense. John Jumper, will you drive one of the teams if Monsieur Mulett will drive the other?" said she, turning sharply upon her cringing husband.

"Oh, Polly, you know I never knew how to drive a mule; never drove one in my life. Don't ask me to drive, Polly," he whined.

"If you vill go hang yourzelf I drive zem both teams myzelf," said Mulett.

"Oh, Polly, will you let him talk that way to me; you know how nervous I am."

"Yes. I know what a scarecrow you are."

"Suppose you harness him up and let one of the mules drive him," suggested Davy.

"Monsieur Cro-kett, I see ze joke; I like ze joke; and it would be a very good plan," said the Frenchman, laughing.

As for poor Edna, she blushed to the roots of her hair at all this railery at her father's expense, although she heartily despised his cowardly nature.

"Well, I will tell you how the thing can be fixed," said Davy, after a moment's reflection. "It is plain that you can't get through to Salt Lake City with more than one team. Harness one pair of the mules to the best wagon and tie the others behind, and change them whenever those in harness get tired, leaving the other wagon here with me until such time as you can send for it."

"A ge-rand idea!" shouted the Frenchman.

"Monsieur Cro-kett, you are a young Napoleon; we vill do as you say. Come!" and he led the way to the wagons, and began to arrange things to carry out the plan proposed by Davy.

The necessary amount of provision was taken from the wagon to be left behind and placed in the other, after which one pair of the mules were harnessed to it, and the others hitched with their harness on, ready to take their turn.

When all was in readiness, Davy assisted the ladies into the wagon.

"Where am I going to sit?" asked Jumper.

"You are to walk behind and encourage the extra mules," said Davy.

"By gar, zat be another good joke!" said Mulett, laughing heartily.

"Polly, it don't seem to me just right to let 'em 'buse me this way."

"Get in, you old goose, and don't let me hear anything more out of your head," said she.

"Yes, Polly, only don't be so cross to me."

"Ladies, I hope we shall meet again under more happy circumstances," said Davy, offering each a hand.

"I trust so, Davy. We are not Mormons, but are going to Salt Lake City to live, where I have a brother engaged in mining and other enterprises, and should you ever come there, be sure and find us out and call."

"Yes, by all means," said Edna, with an earnest pressure of his hand. "We owe our lives to you, and I fear we have not expressed our gratitude to you with sufficient warmth, which we would surely do if we met you under other conditions."

"You owe me nothing, ladies; I simply did my duty, and was fortunate in being on time."

"Indeed you were. But you will call on us if you ever visit Salt Lake City?"

"I shall be sure to do so. Mr. Mulett, good-bye. I am glad that you have the nerve to take

the ladies through," said he, turning to the Frenchman.

"*Au revoir.* I go to California. We meet again some time, perhaps. I shall remember you as a brave young man. Adieu." And mounting the driver's seat with the reins in his hand he started.

Davy stood and watched them out of sight, after which he transferred the remainder of the provisions left in the other wagon to his cave, and almost danced as he contemplated his store, good for a year at least.

"Come, boys," he said to his pets, "we'll live well, and have a good time, if we are alone again."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A MASKED RASCAL.

THE reader will remember the mention of a dark, forbidding face that peered from a place of concealment at Davy and the company he had rescued. That face belonged to a white man, and an outline of his history may here be given appropriately.

Harvey Strong was the son of a St. Louis merchant, and had received a good education, together with every opportunity of being an honor to his name and a respectable member of society. But he early took to evil ways and companions, and now he was almost an outcast from society and had been disinherited by his father.

It was while floating around St. Louis and following the profession of a gambler on the steamboats plying between there and New Orleans that he accidentally learned that Edna Jumper had fallen heir to a valuable silver mine in Utah, together with some equally valuable property in California, near San Francisco. He even learned of it some weeks before she knew that her uncle was dead, and he at once resolved upon courting and marrying her for this property.

Through the agency of one of her acquaintances he obtained an introduction, and for a little while flourished in her esteem, although she soon learned what a character he bore, and lost no time, young as she was, in assuring him that she did not relish his company, and preferred his absence to his presence.

This, of course, was a death-blow to his designs, and he resolved that it should not be.

He had never seen her before making her acquaintance, but finding her an uncommonly beautiful girl, he at once fell deeply in love with her, and resolved to possess her at all hazards.

Of course her father, whom the reader is by this time pretty well acquainted with, offered no objection to him, for with his glib tongue and wheedling ways he could make him believe the moon was made of cheese; but he found her mother wide awake, and sharply opposed to him in every way.

But he persisted in his attentions to her, and in course of time became very annoying, so much so that the poor girl hardly dare go and come from school, so unmannerly was he with his attentions and solicitations.

Finally he became abusive, and threatened her if she did not consent to become his wife; and one day while he was tormenting her with these threats she called an officer and ordered his arrest.

But to avoid scandal she refused to appear against him, if he would promise to cease his annoyances; and this being agreed to he was let at liberty, although he at the same time took a bloody oath in his heart to get possession of her, dead or alive.

Soon after this they learned of her uncle's death in Salt Lake City, where he had accumulated a large fortune; and she, being a favorite of his, he had bequeathed it nearly all to her, giving only a life interest to her mother. As for her father, his name had not been mentioned, as they had never been friends, and his half-brother, living in Salt Lake City, being quite as well off as he was, received little or nothing of the fortune, beyond being appointed with Edna's mother an administrator.

In St. Louis they were only a trifle above the very poor, although, owing to the sharp, go-ahead disposition of Mrs. Jumper, they managed to get along nicely, and to give their daughter a good education, at the same time maintaining a respectable position in society.

The news of Edna's great good fortune was kept from everybody; they did not even allow her father to know of it, for he would have been sure to give it away to everybody he knew, and more besides, and so it was resolved between mother and daughter to go to Salt Lake City and take possession of their fortune, without allowing it to be known why they went, beyond the general idea of emigration.

But they did not know that Harvey Strong had



known of this good fortune even before they did, and that it was the cause of his persistent endeavors to get possession of Edna's hand in marriage; and so they made secret preparation to reach the far West, while he, continually on the alert, penetrated their designs, and resolved to follow, in the hope of getting possession of Edna, even if he had to kill both of her parents to do so.

After waiting some weeks, Mrs. Jumper found a small party getting ready to go overland to California, taking Salt Lake City in the route. With the projector of this expedition she made a bargain to take them on their journey, and when all was in readiness she had disposed of their little possessions and gladly left St. Louis behind; although it can be easily understood why Mr. Jumper was so reluctant to go. He was naturally a coward, and this would of course deter him; and besides, knowing nothing of the fortune that Edna had inherited, he believed that a life of harder work lay before him in the land they were bent upon reaching.

But his wife was boss, and he dared not go contrary to her wishes. Under these circumstances he had worn himself and everybody else out with his continual alarm, when there was no cause for any, during all the long, weary journey from St. Louis to the Great South Pass, where the company had for the first time met real danger.

This being understood, let us now turn to Harvey Strong, and learn more about this all but fatal encounter.

He had followed on horseback all the way, too cowardly to strike himself, and hoping to meet with some company of bad Indians whom he could manage in such a way as to slaughter the entire company, with the exception of Edna, whom he was to rescue while still disguised; and then, if she was still determined to resist his suit, to threaten her with death, or bondage among the savages.

He finally secured a roving band of Piutes, and with promises of scalps and plunder, managed to get them upon the trail, and to overtake them at the Pass, where, according to his original design, he remained in ambush long enough for his savage hirelings to slaughter all save the girl he sought.

This was the design; but the savages were not particularly acquainted with it, and cared but little whether they spared any or not. This they proved by their savage onslaught, and the reader will remember that one of the bloody devils actually stood over Edna with uplifted hatchet, when the ball from Davy's rifle sent him kicking into the kingdom come.

The reader can now understand the situation, and know why the face of Harvey Strong bore such a malignant look when it peered down upon young Davy Crockett, the unexpected person who had knocked his plans into a cocked hat.

But he was as far as ever from relinquishing his design, and finding himself euhred in this unexpected manner, he withdrew to a convenient shelter, and cautiously waited events. So when the little company again set out he skulked along behind it like a hungry wolf.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A BLOODY PLAN CARRIED OUT.

HARVEY STRONG did not have to follow many miles before he found more straggling bands of Indians, for they were now prowling about in large numbers, and some of the tribes were actually on the war-path against the surveyors, who were already at work, laying out the plans for the great railroad that has since been built to the Pacific coast.

By one of these roving bands he was made a prisoner. But having some knowledge of the Indian dialect he managed to make them believe that he was an Indian trader, and told them of a band of whites who had stolen his squaw and was escaping with her.

After assuring them that there was a plenty of plunder in their wagon, and that he would lead them to it provided they would agree to spare the young girl and allow him to take her away, they finally promised, and with a gloating heart he led them to the trail.

On coming up to the wagon, they found it halted on the bank of a small stream, scarcely five miles from the Pass, and the entire party stood around a fire by which they were cooking.

The half-dozen savages bounded upon them with a yell, and, although the gallant Frenchman made one of them bite the dust, he was quickly slain, as was poor old Jumper (although he was probably frightened to death before he had been touched), and Mrs. Jumper received a savage blow with a war-club.

Edna sprang to her mother's rescue, and just

then Harvey Strong rushed before the savage and stayed his second blow.

"Come with me, quick!" said he, in an assumed voice.

"My mother! oh, my poor, dear mother!" cried the distracted girl.

"I will protect her; come."

"Never! If she is dead, let me die also;" and breaking away from him, she threw herself upon her mother's breast with the most heart-rending cries of agony.

In the meantime the Indians were plundering the wagon, and no further attention was paid to their victims.

Mrs. Jumper was not killed, but badly hurt and stunned; and Strong, as he observed it, clutched his revolver as though to finish the job so bunglingly done; but the thought that such a deed would forever turn her against him, and perhaps subject him to the law when they should reach civilization, made him desist.

He went to the wagon where the Indians were, and secretly tried to get them to finish the old woman; but they were so much occupied with their plunder, that they paid no attention to him, and went on with their devilish work.

Finding that he could no longer influence or control the savages, he turned back to where Edna sat with her mother's bleeding head in her lap.

"If she survives this, I can fix her in some way before we get to Salt Lake City," he thought; and with a well assumed tenderness, he brought some water and assisted in bathing the woman's wound, until she finally partially recovered.

"Oh, this is terrible," said he.

"Where are they now?" asked Edna, without looking up.

"Plundering the wagon."

"And they have killed father and poor Mulett?"

"Yes; I tried to prevent them, but was only an unarmed prisoner in their hands myself, and barely managed to save your life."

"Poor mother!" she moaned, "speak to me, mother; speak to me. Tell me that you live!"

She opened her eyes slowly, and then closed them again.

"She will live, miss; I am sure of it," said Strong, at the same time hoping she would not.

"Oh, she must live. Help me to place her here upon this mossy bank."

He did as requested, and the wounded woman was soon made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and again Edna knelt beside her, seemingly forgetting all else save her beloved mother.

As soon as the Indians had secured what plunder they wanted, they each took a mule and prepared to leave.

This was not part of the plan as it had been figured out by Strong, and he attempted to remonstrate with them.

But for his pains he got knocked down, and would have been scalped but for the brave with whom he had made the compact; and as it was, they took his pony and rode it away with the rest, leaving him in nearly as bad a state as were his victims.

Nearly two hundred miles from Salt Lake City and left without an animal.

This nettled the villain exceedingly, and if he had known the nature of the Indians better than he did, he would have thanked his stars that he escaped with his life, as he should not have done, and as he *would* not have done, had they not been loaded with plunder.

The wagon was nearly stripped of its contents, but the covering still remained, and after consulting with Edna a moment, it was resolved to place her mother on what clothing there was left in the wagon, in order that she might be made as comfortable as possible.

She had partially recovered, and was groaning piteously.

Edna was bathing her head, and doing all that willing hands and loving heart could do to ease her pain, while Strong, unable to listen to her moans, went back to where her father and the Frenchman lay, and after taking from them all their valuables, he threw their bodies into the rapidly-flowing stream, and watched them until they disappeared around the bend.

Edna was so much occupied with her mother, that she did not notice anything else that was going on; but yet he knew that the idea of allowing her father's body to float down an unknown stream to an unknown destiny, would be revolting to her; and so to make the bloody deception he had started all the more humane and perfect, he took a shovel from under the wagon and threw up a mound of earth, to resemble the toppling of a rude grave, where the two men were supposed to be buried.

In the course of an hour Mrs. Jumper began to recover from her wound, and without telling her what had happened, she coaxed her to sleep

awhile, placed her tenderly on the rude couch in the wagon, drew the canvas down with care, and then turned to look around her.

Up to this moment she had scarcely noticed the man who had seemed to save her life, but now he stood before her, thoroughly disguised, and seemingly a sympathizing friend.

"How is your mother now?"

"Better, thank Heaven and you."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Oh, this is terrible, terrible!" she moaned.

"You may well say that. They have taken all, and we are left alone and helpless."

"Heaven save us!" said she, clasping her hands and falling upon her knees.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A SENSATIONAL CAPTURE.

THE next day after the treacherous massacre, our friend Davy Crockett was out as usual in quest of game, accompanied by his dog Grip and his pet bear Squeezer. There was a rivalry between the two animals, and the bear had grown to be almost as valuable in hunting as the dog was, and, in a close encounter, even better.

But unless Squeezer was specially wanted to lure wild bears to within shooting distance, his regular business was to carry the skins which Davy took from other animals, and in this he was as good as a pack-horse.

Three or four valuable pelts had rewarded Davy's skillful hunting, and at about noon, after having killed a beautiful fat antelope, he skinned it, and then proceeded to take a good meal out of one of its hind quarters.

With a flint and a piece of punk, he started a fire on the side of the hill, and then proceeded to roast a piece of the venison.

"I suppose you fellows had rather have yours raw, eh?" said he, addressing Grip and Squeezer, who stood looking on. "Well, all right. Two raws," he added, laughing. "Go for it;" and without waiting to be invited a second time, the two animals went for what there was left of the skinned antelope, and between growls and wranglings, they made a first-rate meal.

Davy, in the meantime, was cooking his own meat, and before his pets had finished, he had himself put out of sight a pound or two of the juicy meat.

He had scarcely finished when he saw a party of three or four Indians, mounted on mules, riding along in the vale below him.

"Ho, ho! what have we here?" said he, grasping his rifle and springing up.

Grip also leaped to his feet with a growl; and Squeezer, not to be outdone, rose on his haunches and gazed anxiously around.

"I think they have stolen those mules," he mused, "and as I haven't killed half Indians enough to get square with the debt I owe them, I think I will draw a bead on them just for fun."

Grip and Squeezer gave a growl in concert, as though approving of their master's resolution.

Davy drew his rifle up to his shoulder, and as the foremost Indian came out from behind a clump of trees, whaling the mule he rode in the most cruel manner, he covered him with his fatal rifle, and the next instant that bloody savage gave a wild yell, and tumbled from his seat.

The others, who were some distance behind, hurried on their mules to see what the trouble was, and while they were doing so, Davy reloaded his rifle, and sent another of them to the kingdom come.

The others saw at once that enemies were about, and without waiting for particulars, they whipped their mules into a gallop and disappeared into the thick woods beyond.

"Come, boys," said Davy, leading the way down the hill. "Let us see what we have here."

Following a circuitous path, which he knew very well, he was soon in the vale, closely followed by his pets. Reaching the first Indian he had shot, he found the poor tired mule lying down to get some rest, and as he stooped over the dead body of the Indian, a bullet sped through his cap, and the report of a rifle a few rods away told him that the other rascals were close at hand.

"Crickety-crack!" exclaimed Davy, darting behind a large rock; "this is the third bullet that has gone through my old hat. I shall have to make another if they keep on this way. Come here, boys," he added, speaking to his pets.

They gathered behind the ledge, each with a growl.

"There's mischief here; lay low," said he, placing a fresh cap upon his rifle.

He waited for fully fifteen minutes and no sign



of the other Indians became manifest, and he began to think that they had fled.

Finally he concluded to test the chances, and placing his cap upon the muzzle of his rifle, he lifted it with much caution above the edge of the rock.

Quick as thought a bullet went through it, and, in order to carry out the deception, he gave a wild yell, and crouched further out of sight.

The ruse was successful, for the Indians had concluded, evidently, that there was only one of the enemy, and thinking that they had killed that one, they rushed upon him, both eager for his scalp.

Davy waited until they had arrived within a rod of the rock behind which he lay, and then springing up with his revolver, he snapped it in the face of the foremost savage, but it did not explode.

He had forgotten to put caps on the nipples.

With a fiendish yell the Indian sprang upon him with uplifted tomahawk, and would have finished him then and there, being taken so unawares, had not Grip and Squeezer darted out and pounced upon them.

The faithful dog sprang at the throat of the foremost savage, while the bear bounded upon the other, and in an instant the two red devils were borne to the ground and put beyond doing further harm.

Davy was not slow in putting the finishing touch upon the red rascals, and once again he was master of the situation.

The four Indians were dead. Hastily seeking the mules, he quickly recognized them as belonging to the party that had only a few hours before left his hospitable cave, and suspecting foul play he was spurred to look further.

Examining the mules, and the packages strapped upon their weary backs, he soon convinced himself that the party had been waylaid and robbed by the Indians, and if not all murdered they were probably prisoners.

In a moment his mind was made up.

"Boys, there's business for us. Follow me," said he, grasping his rifle and starting towards the right bank of the river.

With the assistance of Grip he soon got upon the trail, and followed it for a mile or more, Squeezer following lazily behind, for, on account of his being so fat, he could hardly keep up with the spry hunter and his dog.

Let us turn a moment now to the poor girl, Edna Jumper, and her heartless captor—for in reality captor he was—and allow our friend Davy to follow up the trail he had struck.

After the Indians had robbed them of everything but life, and after Harvey Strong had found himself in complete and undisputed possession of the prize he had so long coveted, his conduct towards her changed.

"Edna, do you not know me?" said he, after her excitement had somewhat subsided.

"No, how should I?" she asked, looking him steadily in the face.

"Do you know me now?" said he, removing his wig, and with a wet handkerchief wiping away the paint that had disguised him.

"Harvey Strong?"

"The same; your worshiper ever," said he.

Edna started back in terror.

"I saved your life."

"You—for what?"

"That you might be mine."

"I do not understand you, sir," said she, with great emotion.

"Edna, how can you misunderstand me? When I learned that you were about to make this dangerous journey to Salt Lake City—"

"But how did you learn it?"

"Ask love, that knows every pulsation of the heart of the one it worships. I learned that you were about to make the journey, and, although you had repelled me, I resolved to follow, in the hope that I might be of some service to you. I was myself taken prisoner, and the same savage band attacked you and your friends. The rest you know. Do you despise me for what I have done?"

"No, no! I thank you. But by what has passed, you know that we can only be friends."

"Only friends!"

"That is all. But forgive me."

"You must, and shall be mine, Edna. This very night I will make you mine; here in this wild mountain pass, where no ear can hear and no arm interfere, you shall be mine beyond all redress or failure."

"Would you make yourself less of a man and more of a brute than the savage Indians, Harvey Strong?" said she, with much earnestness.

"What will not a man do who loves and is rebuffed by the object of his love? I love you, and what I now propose to do is to make you love me. I know you will do so; so come with me, my beautiful darling," said he, placing his arm around her waist.

"Hold, Harvey Strong! Would you take advantage of these circumstances?"

"Why not, if you refuse to be mine?"

"And you have no pity, no remorse?"

"Have you none?"

"And you do not remember my poor mother, who lies bleeding yonder?"

"And you do not remember my poor heart that lies bleeding here?"

"But if I cannot love you, how can I?"

"If I cannot give you up, how can I?"

"Would you make me miserable?"

"Would you make me miserable?"

"Oh, let us be friends. Here in this vast solitude, let us swear to be friends. Let the past rest; let by-gones be by-gones, and I will always esteem you as my more than friend. Say that it may be so," she pleaded.

"No; you must be mine, Edna."

"But I will be your friend."

"No; you must be mine beyond all hope of recall. Come," said he, placing his arm around her waist.

"No, no! Please be good to me."

"I will, but you must be mine," and he attempted to force her along.

"Help me, Heaven! No, no! do not be a beast! Let me esteem you as a friend, Harvey Strong."

"No; you must be mine!"

"She shall not be, if she does not wish to be," said a stern voice at his side, and at the same instant Davy Crockett darted from a place of concealment, and threw the rascal up against a tree.

"Davy Crockett!" exclaimed Edna, darting towards him with outstretched arms.

"My friend, Edna."

"My friend. God bless you!"

"How is this?"

"Oh, do not ask me! Thank God, you are here to save me!"

"Amen!" said Davy, and turning to confront the rascal, Strong, he found that he had vanished from the scene.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEVIL OF THE RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAINS.

FINDING that Harvey Strong had fled, Davy Crockett at once lent his assistance to the beautiful Edna and her wounded mother.

With considerable trouble he managed to help them to his cave, where for the time being they were out of danger, and conditioned for repose, which they both needed so much.

But it must not be supposed that the rascal, Harvey Strong, was either idle or unknowing to the movements of our hero.

This was the second time that young Davy Crockett had thwarted him, and he vowed that it would be the last.

But how to encompass his destruction and again get possession of the beautiful Edna was the problem now before him.

Experience had taught him to dread the terrible aim of the young hunter, and to keep as far as possible from his pets, the bear, Squeezer, and the dog, Grip.

But he had made up his mind to get the best of him in some way, and feeling that he could only succeed by the assistance of the Indians, he rode southward to where a band of Piutes were encamped, the chief of whom was Long Horn, one of the most relentless enemies of the whites that they ever knew.

To this blood-thirsty chief he represented himself as an Indian trader, a friend of the red man, and especially of the Piutes, and that he had been overpowered by a band of whites who had taken his squaw from him and robbed him of much property.

"But what does the trader wish of Long Horn?" asked the chief, after he had listened to the story.

"The honest Indian trader asks a few warriors to assist him in getting possession of his squaw, and avenging the insult of taking her from him."

"And what comes to the chief?"

"Much plunder of the white man's camp."

"And scalps?"

"At least the scalp of your great enemy, the hunter, Davy Crockett, who has sent many of your warriors and braves to the happy hunting-grounds," said Strong, knowing full well what effect the mention of his name would have upon the chief.

"Ough! Crockett. Much sly fightee. Bad. Me gibe many skins for he scalp," said Long Horn.

"I will lead you to his cave."

"Me go; ough! Big scalpee. Davy Crockett, ough!" said the chief.

The result was that Long Horn ordered a band of fifty warriors to follow Harvey Strong and to act under his orders; their only instructions being

that they should bring him the scalp of Davy Crockett and the plunder of his camp.

The majority of the fifty bloody warriors which he selected were mounted on fleet Indian ponies, and were fully armed for a terrible fight.

The warrior chosen to command the detachment was one of the most blood-thirsty rascals that ever saw the light of day, a savage that had earned by his inhuman warfare the cognomen of "The Devil of the Rattlesnake Mountains." Harvey Strong was to act simply as a guide to the stronghold of young Davy Crockett, with the understanding that his squaw only was to be saved.

The distance was only five or six miles, and the savage troop was not long in making it, and about noon they drew up within about half a mile of Davy's cave, under cover of thick cottonwood trees, which grew abundantly in the vicinity.

In the meantime Davy had made his guests as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and while Edna watched over her mother, resting on a pile of downy skins, Davy sat at the mouth of his cave with his rifle on his lap and his pets playing before him.

While thus engaged the Indians stole upon him, and before he was aware of their presence, a dozen rifle shots hurtled around him, fortunately without doing him any injury, save again riddling his hunting cap that had often been riddled before.

"Quick, boys, come, there's a hail storm," said he, darting into his cave, followed by Squeezer and Grip.

"What is it?" asked Edna, who had heard the report of the rifles and come to inquire the cause of it.

"There are Injuns around, that's all," said he, with perfect calmness.

"But there may be danger."

"There undoubtedly is, Edna."

"And can I not share it with you?"

"How?"

"I can shoot a rifle."

"Have you ever done so?"

"Often."

"But at what?"

"At game."

"And your nerves are strong?"

"I would risk my life upon them."

"Good; here is a rifle that I took from an Injun that had no further use for it, because he didn't want to use it in the happy hunting-grounds, and it is a good one."

"Let me have it and I will show you what I can do," said the brave girl.

"But your mother?"

"She has so far recovered that she can not only wait upon herself, but can assist us."

"Is that so?"

"Come and see her," said she, leading the way back into the cave, where her mother lay, resting upon her elbows.

"Mother, danger again threatens us. What can you do to assist us?"

"Anything in reason; what is it?"

"The Indians have surrounded us."

Mrs. Jumper sprang to her feet.

"Let me do something," said she.

"Can you load rifles?" asked Davy.

"I can. Why?"

"I have several here that I have captured at different times, and, as we may need them all, if you can load them as fast as we can discharge them, we may be enabled to beat the rascals away."

"I can and will do it," said she.

"And you are sure, mother, that you will not overtax yourself?"

"Yes, darling. I feel as well as ever I did, now that there is something to nerve me."

"That is well. Hark!" said Davy, creeping cautiously to the front of his cave, while Grip and Squeezer growled and stood ready to take a hand in anything that came up.

As Davy came out where he could see through the vines which covered the entrance to his cave, he saw half a dozen Indians creeping cautiously along the ravine which led up to the plateau where his cave was situated.

He watched them closely for a moment, and convinced himself who the leader was, and recognized in him the terror of the emigrants, the Devil of the Rattlesnake Mountains.

"Quiet, boys. Wait," said he, addressing his pets, and, drawing up his rifle, he calmly covered the bloody rascal who was creeping stealthily towards the plateau.

The next instant he pulled the trigger, and that monster sprang into the air and fell howling into the underbrush.

"Number one!" said Davy.

"Number two!" said Edna, as she drew a bead on another brave and tumbled him over.

"Good!" replied Davy as he proceeded to reload his rifle.



Mrs. Jumper had in the meantime risen from her couch, and taking the rifles that stood against the side of the cave, she loaded them with great skill and placed them where her friends could take them as soon as they had discharged their own.

The Indians who had remained behind now came to the front and began to make a demonstration in force. Davy and Edna popped them off at every shot, and at length they saw that the only hope they had of capturing the dreaded hunter was to mass and rush upon the mouth of the cave.

This they proceeded to do, but the sharp rifles of Davy and Edna sent first one and then another to the happy hunting-grounds, until the remainder drew off for consultation.

Harvey Strong, who had acted simply as a guide, was now forced to the foreground, and they seemed inclined to avenge their defeat on him then and there, but sheer desperation made him bold, and drawing his revolver he held the foremost in check while he spoke:

"Braves, what would you do?"

"Ough! bad white man!"

"But would you retreat before a boy and a girl? Separate, and approach the cave from two or three different points, and we will yet have his scalp."

"White man show the way."

"I will. Come on!" said Strong.

Reluctantly the Indians followed his lead, and emerging from their cover, they separated into three bands, and stealthily approached the cave. This maneuver puzzled Davy, for the three parties kept well under cover; and before he could divine their object, the three companies broke from cover, and rushed to the mouth of the cave.

Quick as thought, Davy and his brave companion discharged their rifles, and he emptied the chambers of his revolver into the advancing host, toppling over about a dozen of them before they succeeded in reaching the entrance, Strong all the while skulking out of reach until he felt sure that the weapons had all been discharged.

With a yell that would have chilled the blood of less determined persons, the Indians, tomahawk in hand, rushed into the cave, confident that they had at length won the victory.

But there were obstacles yet to overcome. No sooner had the foremost entered, than Davy knocked him sprawling with the butt of his rifle, and Grip pounced upon him as he would have gone for a bear, seizing him by the throat and shaking the life out of him.

Squeezer bounded upon the next one, and, although he received a bad knife wound, he managed to hug his enemy into the next world in the half of no time; and in the meantime the others crowded in, and the battle began in deadly earnest.

But as there were at least a dozen of the red devils left, of course the struggle was all one-sided. Three of them set upon Davy, and, although one of them croaked at the suggestion of our hero's hunting-knife, he was finally knocked down and completely stunned. The foremost brave was on the point of scalping him, when Edna, who had in the meantime reloaded her rifle, shot him dead in his tracks.

But further resistance was useless, and the remaining Indians hastily secured Davy, while Strong, with the assistance of two Indians, securely bound Edna and her mother, and both Grip and Squeezer were left to die.

"Harvey Strong, this is your work," said Edna.

"Yes, Edna, it is my work, and all for you."

"For me! If it needed anything in the world to make me utterly hate and curse you, this will do it."

"Ah! but you will think better of it," said he, smiling mockingly.

"Never."

"We shall see."

Meanwhile the Indians, after securely binding Davy, were ransacking the cave, and taking everything that pleased their fancy, after which they dragged Davy out of the place, and bringing up a pony, threw him, still insensible, across his back, and with the other plunder, and the arms of their fallen comrades, prepared to return to the village and their chief, Long Horn.

Harvey Strong was anxious that the Indians should take Edna's mother along with them, and finally prevailed upon them to do so, although both mother and daughter appealed piteously not to be separated.

At length all was in readiness, and the Indians started away, leaving Strong and Edna the sole occupants of the mountain cave.

## CHAPTER IX.

### YOUNG DAVY CROCKETT AT THE STAKE.

THE rough road over which the Indians were taking our hero had the effect to revive him from

the stunned condition in which he lay; but the pain he experienced made him almost wish that he had remained unconscious.

He was laid across the back of the pony in such a way that he could not look around, but as his mind and memory gradually returned, he comprehended the situation, and knew that he was a prisoner in the hands of his cruel and relentless foes.

Mrs. Jumper was riding astride of one of the ponies, fastened to the saddle, and the leading rein held by a rascally savage, who rode in advance.

She watched Davy with as much interest as she would have watched her own child, and when she saw him manifest signs of returning life, she almost screamed for joy.

"Davy! Davy! Do you hear me?" she called.

"Yes. Who is it calls?" he asked, faintly.

"Mrs. Jumper. Are you hurt much?"

"I cannot tell. Where is Edna?"

"Alas! left behind with one of the greatest villains that the world ever knew."

"Alone in his power?"

"Yes; and, oh, what will be her fate?" said she, wringing her hands piteously.

"Heaven save her!"

"Amen."

"But where are we going now?"

"God only knows. We are in the hands of the Indians, and I think they are taking us to their village."

"Then my goose is cooked," mused Davy.

"Oh, my poor, dear Edna! What will become of her?" moaned the distracted mother.

"What will become of us all!"

"Alas! I know not."

"My pets."

"Which?"

"My dog and bear."

"Both of them were killed by the Indians."

"Good God! Is that so?"

"Both of them were stabbed by the red devils, and faltered only in death," said she.

"That I believe. But I have lost my best friends. Are we the only prisoners?"

"We are."

"And without weapons?"

"I am as bare of arms as you are."

"Well, it looks a trifle blue. But do not give up. There may be a loophole for us to escape yet."

"Alas, how?"

"Wait; let us see."

A shout from the Indians now attracted their attention.

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Jumper.

"We must be near the Indian village."

Several loud war-whoops in the distance convinced them that they were indeed approaching an Indian settlement.

"That is a Piute war-whoop," said Davy.

"Yes, we are in their power."

"Have you no arms?"

"Alas! I am bound like yourself," said she.

It must be remembered that Davy was hung over the back of a pony, with his head hanging down on one side and his feet on the other, and in such a way that he could not look up or see the woman with whom he was conversing.

"Will you be watchful?" he asked, at length.

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"Well, I don't know. But it is well to be watchful, for something might turn up," said he.

"Depend upon me, Davy," said she.

Just then another war-whoop rang through the woods, and the next moment a hundred painted warriors sprang out and greeted the returning warriors, and danced around the two prisoners with the most fiendish delight.

It was evident that they all regarded Davy's capture as a great triumph, for they danced and circled around the pony that bore him along, yelling like incarnate devils, and brandishing their tomahawks in the wildest savage glee.

At length they arrived in front of the lodge of Long Horn, and the prisoners were unbound from the ponies that had borne them, and placed before the great chief.

Long Horn regarded them both for a moment with a look of curious fiendishness.

"Squaw no good," said he, at length. "Bah! squaw of young hunter. Give her to our women."

Mrs. Jumper was at once taken to the lodges of the squaws, where she was abused according to the custom of the tribe, although she was held harmless for all the mischief that had been done in killing the twenty or thirty Indians who had set out on the expedition.

But with Davy Crockett the case was entirely different. For a long time he had been held as the most terrible enemy of the Indians in Wyoming Territory, and now that they held him a prisoner, the fiendish heart of every Indian be-

longing to the band was stirred to its utmost devilishness.

The warriors gathered around the lodge of the chief, and, with the wildest demonstrations, demanded that he be burned at the stake as a peace-offering to the dozens of good Indians who had fallen by his terrible rifle.

Davy comprehended the situation; but, in spite of all that was arranged against him, he resolved to die game.

"Let them burn me if they like," he mused; "they can never burn a whiter white man, and, I guess, the account is in my favor, after all. I have sent at least forty of the red devils to the kingdom come, and if they kill me they will not get even. That's one consolation."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, the Indians, under the guidance of Long Horn, had arranged to burn him at the stake, the worst torment they could inflict, and one they never imposed except upon the most powerful and worst enemies they had.

He was bound securely to a tree and the fagots piled thickly around him, while the braves and warriors danced around in the wildest and most fantastic glee.

"Big young hunter!" sneered Long Horn, as he watched the preparations for the roast.

"Oh, you go shoot yourself!" was all the answer that Davy made him.

"Big young hunter die! burn!"

"All right; I have killed at least fifty of your cursed crowd, and now that you have me in your power, do your worst; you cannot do more than kill me."

"But we can torture."

"But what is torture to a brave man? I scorn you and your torture!"

"The young hunter is very brave; but he must die," said Long Horn.

"All right; he has to die but once; go on, I do not fear you; I hate you, and if I was at liberty now I would send a dozen of you to the devil at double quick."

"Ha! ha! light the fires."

"Light 'em and be blamed!" cried Davy, as he struggled with the thongs that bound him.

"The young hunter is mad, but we will make him feel," cried Long Horn.

"Never!"

"We will see."

"Begin at once, you red devils!" said he.

"Fire the branches!" cried the chief.

"Fire your head off, for what I care," said Davy, who had become perfectly reckless regarding what happened him.

"Ha, ha!" howled the chief, and a wild war-whoop answered him, resounding through the woods, and echoing among the wilds of the Rattlesnake Mountains. "Fire the branches!"

Quick as devils could answer devil, the cry was repeated, and with flaming torches, the Indians set fire to the pile of fagots which surrounded our hero, who stood calm and still amid the terrible ordeal.

"Curse you all, you cowardly heathens!"

A wild shout mocked him, and twenty or thirty of the painted devils began to dance around in a circle, uttering the most unearthly yells, and brandishing their tomahawks above their heads.

The squaws were removed a short distance from this scene, and were at that moment engaged in tormenting Mrs. Jumper in the most fiendish ways they could invent.

The flames that had been started around the tree to which our youthful hero was bound, by his time began to blaze and crackle through the agots, and to dart upon him with their keen tongues as though anxious for his life.

"What says the young hunter now?" demanded Long Horn, as he approached the blazing fire.

"That I'd like to draw a bead on your dirty old mug; that's what I say," replied Davy.

"Ha! the young hunter is brave, but he will slay no more red men," said the chief.

Just then a shower of bullets hurtled through the leaves, and a dozen savages went end over end, and stopped dancing very suddenly, while the others darted under cover with the agility of squirrels.

The next instant the sound of horses' hoofs greeted the poor prisoner's ear, and presently the bushes began to be wildly agitated, and a dozen horsemen burst through the surrounding foliage and rode impetuously forward toward the fire, that had already begun to scorch and burn the intrepid young hunter.

One of the foremost leaped from his horse, and with two or three smart kicks sent the burning fagots flying away from around young Davy, and quick as a flash whipped out his knife, and cut the withes which bound him to the fatal tree.

Hardly had he done so when the Indians began firing upon the horsemen from their hiding-places; but, putting spurs and whip to their ready beasts, they dashed upon them like a whirlwind.



"I thank you, stranger," said Davy, as he leaped over the burning embers, and was once more a free man.

"Good enough," replied his liberator.

"Look out for yourself," said he, as several bullets whizzed around them.

"Give me something, rifle, pistol, anything," said Davy, earnestly.

"Here, take this revolver. Follow," said the man, handing him a revolver from his belt.

"Lead on. I am with you, you bet."

His rescuer threw himself into his saddle again and spurred on to overtake his comrades, who were now engaged hotly with Long Horn and his devilish and inhuman warriors.

Davy followed, and was not long in finding game, for by this time all hands were engaged.

In the melee he came suddenly upon the chief, Long Horn, who was encouraging his warriors on to wipe out the band of horsemen. He was armed with a long knife, tomahawk and rifle; but as that had been discharged and thrown over his shoulder, he was fighting like an incarnate devil, with a knife in one hand and his reeking hatchet in the other.

"Ha! the young hunter!" said he.

"Yes; you said I would never live to kill any more Injuns—"

"And you never shall," he yelled, springing upon him like a tiger from the jungle.

"We'll see," said Davy, at the same time sending a bullet through the chief's head.

With a most terrible yell the bloody savage tumbled over and struggled in the underbrush.

Meantime the others had been followed so closely by the mounted white men that there was no hope of escape, and with a loss of only one man the intrepid commander succeeded in killing and putting to flight the entire village.

Davy acted like the very devil let loose, for no sooner had he emptied the chambers of his revolver than he begged another loaded one, and made every shot tell, until there was not an Indian in sight to kill.

This done, the horsemen convened and gathered around young Davy Crockett, who related his experience to his friends, whom he found to be a detachment of an exploring expedition under the command of Major, now General, Custer, the very man who had rescued Davy from his imminent peril.

As soon as the story had been told, search was made for Mrs. Jumper, and after awhile she was found in an exhausted condition where she had been left by the squaws who had tortured her.

"Your way is almost directly opposite to the one we are going," said Custer; "but if you say you need us we will go with you."

"Give us ponies and arms, and with our heartiest thanks, we will excuse you from going with us," said Davy.

"Here they are; ponies all you want, and arms by the dozen."

"Good enough. We will take the chances."

"All right. How about your grub?" asked Custer, who became deeply interested in our hero.

"Here is some smoked buffalo; this will last us until we can reach Great South Pass."

"And the lady?"

"She thanks you for your brave rescue," said Mrs. Jumper, taking the gallant cavalryman by the hand.

"Madam, I only wish I could do more."

"You have saved our lives, and that is all we can ask. Again allow me to thank you."

"And Davy, can you get through all right?" he asked, turning to the young hunter.

"I think so. They will have a good job taking me with all these tools. Ah! what rifle is that you have?" he asked of one of the horsemen who had loaded himself down with the plunder that had been taken from the Indians.

"One I just captured," said he.

"It is my rifle. Will you let me have it again?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. Now I am ready for anything," said he, kissing the rifle that had always proven so true to him.

"Well, then, we will part with you here," said Custer, as his troop reined up in line.

"And I hope we may yet meet again."

"I trust and believe so."

"Farewell."

"Farewell."

"God bless you, and keep your powder dry."

"I will. Good-bye."

The next moment the troop whirled away with their dead companion lashed to his horse, and Davy Crockett and Mrs. Jumper were left alone.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE CLUTCHES OF A VILLAIN.

THE reader will remember that Edna Jumper was left alone in Davy Crockett's cave with

Harvey Strong, her admirer, and the man who had sworn to possess her in spite of all that earth or fate could interpose.

During the fight, that had resulted in the capture of Davy and the serious wounding of his pets, Grip and Squeezer, Strong had managed to get possession of his victim, and the departure of the Indians with their much-prized victim, young Davy Crockett, left him alone with the beautiful girl whom he sought to make his own by foul means or fair.

But just before the end of the struggle, and after Davy had become overpowered by the band of savages, he threw her his emptied revolver, and she managed to load every chamber of it before Strong returned to claim the prize he thought he had so securely captured, even though she was bound.

"Edna, mine at last—mine alone!" said he, approaching her with a loving demonstration.

"Back!" said she, resolutely.

"Edna!"

"Beware!"

"Of what?"

"Of a desperate woman."

"Nonsense! You and I are all that is left now."

"Should we not be friends?"

"We cannot be even that!"

"What! when you are in my power?" he asked, approaching nearer.

"I am not in your power, villain."

"Indeed, but you are. Who shall lift a hand to prevent me from making you mine?"

"I will!" said she, springing back and presenting a cocked revolver to his heart.

"Good God!" he exclaimed.

"I am not yet entirely in your power. Move but a foot to press your hellish designs, and I will send you to the devil before he has calculated upon your coming!"

Harvey Strong was startled, and before the muzzle of that revolver he retreated to a distant part of the cave.

"Edna, you mistake me," said he, at length.

"No, I do not. But don't you mistake me, unless you conclude that you have lived long enough."

"Good God! you cannot be in earnest."

"Dare to molest me and you will find out."

"But will you not listen to me?" said he, in a beseeching way.

"Yes, at a proper distance, for I cannot help myself. But if you dare to approach me I will rid the world of a rascal, see if I don't."

There was no mistaking her, and he hesitated for several minutes before replying.

"You know we are all alone here, Edna," he said at length.

"And why is it so?"

"Because the Indians have carried away your mother and the young hunter."

"And who set them up to do it?"

"The devil, I suppose," said he, laughing coldly.

"Yes, you may well say that. It was the devil in the person of Harvey Strong," said she, earnestly.

"Edna!"

"Oh, I know you through and through. You set out to follow me for the sole purpose of getting me placed in some position where I could not help myself. You have me there almost—but not quite, not quite!" said she, fondling the revolver ominously.

"But you know I love you, Edna."

"I know better; or if you do, it is for some mean purpose. I suppose you have found out in some way that I have fallen heir to my uncle's property."

Strong laughed a hollow, mocking laugh, which echoed through the cave like the chuckle of a drum.

"I knew of that before you did," said he.

"I do not doubt it, and from that fact arose your love for me—your pretended love."

"No, I love you for yourself."

"And I thoroughly hate you for yourself," said she.

"But will you not go with me to your journey's end; to Salt Lake City?"

"No, I would sooner die right here than trust myself in your care for a moment. You base villain, where is my poor mother?"

"How should I know?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders. "She is probably a prisoner, but I cannot help it, you know."

"No, perhaps not, but you are the cause of her being so, and you cannot deny it."

"But I can, though."

"Yes, as you would say falsely about anything."

"Now, Edna, look upon me with a little more charity. I followed you because I loved you. What has happened on account of that infatuation I am sorry for, but in nowise responsible for. Love conquers all, and I followed you like

a slave chained to your ear. And do you hate me because all this has happened?"

"Yes, knowing that you are responsible for it all."

"How responsible?"

"You planned the first and second attack by the Indians, who otherwise might have never molested us, and you brought about this last one. Father and mother are dead, and you are their murderer."

"I am not."

"You are, and yet you ask me to love you. Why, had I loved you at first, these acts of villainy would have made me hate you."

"And you persist in hating me?"

"I do, as I shall with my latest breath."

"And you will make me use force in possessing you?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I spurn you and your force."

"We will see. You are bound, and I will try how far starvation will help me."

"What is that? Would you starve me?"

"Yes, rather than not subdue and possess you. Of course I would."

"Then I will starve."

"We shall see. I have heard of people who were very brave in the face of all other ills and dangers, but who quailed in the presence of starvation. You have a pistol to defend yourself, but I opine that before twenty-four hours have passed you will gladly exchange it for something to eat."

"Black-hearted villain! But you shall see. I will die and rot here before I will submit."

"Oh, a full stomach makes one brave; but we shall see," said he, laughing wickedly, and going from the cave.

The bear Squeezer lay near the mouth of the cave, badly wounded, engaged in licking the ugly gash which the Indian had given him before he had sent him to the devil, and Grip had pulled himself out of the muss soon after his master was taken away, and was now nowhere to be found.

Four Indians lay dead in the cave, and Strong knew that it could not be lived in while their bodies remained there; and finding that Edna was in a position to defend herself, and that he must remain there, even if he expected to subdue her by starvation, he at once proceeded to drag the bodies out and leave them to the beasts of prey, who had left many a skeleton to whiten in that wild mountain pass.

Squeezer growled whenever he approached him, but he seemed to know that his life depended upon his keeping reasonably quiet. He allowed Strong to drag the bodies past him, and then crawled himself back into a dark corner of the cave.

Night came, and Strong tried by every argument and device in his power to win the unfortunate prisoner over to him, but she steadily refused, and still clung to her protecting revolver.

When morning came he found her still resolute; and once, when he presumed to approach her in a half jocular, half sentimental way, he was met by the muzzle of that revolver, and recoiled like a cur.

Then he proceeded to cook some breakfast, knowing that the smell of the cooking venison would torment her more than anything else. And it did, for she was terribly hungry, but her hatred of the bloody wretch gave her nerve and strength, and her resolution was not shaken in the least.

"I am a cowardly fool," he muttered to himself, as he sat eating his breakfast just where she could see him and smell the repast. "With one bold stroke I could disarm her, and then she is in my power. I'll try it."

After he had finished his breakfast he went nearer to her, and lighting his pipe sat down for a smoke.

"Edna," said he, "I have come to the conclusion that it is useless to try to conquer you. I now feel sorry for what I have done, and if you will only half forgive me, I will try and make honorable amends for what I have done."

"What do you mean?" she asked, curiously.

"I acknowledge that my almost unconquerable love for you has led me into doing you great wrong. I only ask for partial forgiveness; and if you will allow me, I will set you at liberty, and do whatever you ask me to do, to assist you to your journey's end."

"I cannot trust you," said she.

"But you can on proof of my sincerity. I will offer you some breakfast."

"And you swear that you abandon your old game to entrap me?"

"I swear it. Will you permit me to give you some of this roasted meat?"

"I would if I was sure I could trust you."

"I will swear before heaven that you can, as I swear before Heaven that I am sorry for what I have done. Will you receive it?"

"Yes."

"Thanks for your concession," said he, going



to the pot where he had cooked the meat, and taking out a nice piece on the point of his huntidg-knife.

"This will appease your hunger, until we can have a better understanding," he added, approaching her with it.

With eager hands she reached forward to clutch the coveted morsel, at the same time being so artfully thrown from her guard that she placed the pistol on a rock at her side.

Being on the very verge of starvation, she began to eat the meat with great avidity, while he watched his opportunity and stealthily possessed himself of the pistol.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, dropping her food, and springing towards the wily rascal.

"What!"

"Oh, fool that I was to listen to you for one moment," and she buried her face in her hands.

"Love conquers all, Edna."

"Devil incarnate!"

"No; lovers sublime," said he, mockingly. "You are in my power now, and you must be mine. Come, submit gracefully to fate."

"Never!"

"But you must."

"Not with life."

"Oh, yes you will, darling," said he, half coaxingly, as he proceeded to wind his arms around her.

"Help me, heaven! Oh, God, is there no help?"

"None; you must be mine."

"Help! help!" she shouted, in her wild desperation.

"No help can come. Why shout?"

"Because I am here," said Davy Crockett, knocking the rascal sprawling into a corner of the cave, where Grip (who had found his master) seized him by the throat, and held him firmly to the ground.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A BRUTE'S VENGEANCE ON A BRUTE.

Grip still held the struggling villain down, and had him by the throat. He seemed like a demon afoul of his prey, evidently feeling and knowing that he had the upper hand of the wretch who had caused all the trouble, both to him and his master.

While this was going on, Mrs. Jumper and Davy were cutting and unloosing the withes which bound Edna to the huge root that had years ago found its way through a crevice of the rock.

But Davy had another fate in store for Harvey Strong, and seeing that Grip had him in a most dangerous way, he called him to let go. But the dog was deaf to every call, and, while his eyes shone like balls of fire, he still held the struggling villain to the ground.

"Come here, Grip!" he yelled; but the dog paid no attention to him. "Let go, I say!" and finding that he paid no heed, he gave him a smart kick.

Even this failed to make him let go, and, in spite of all he could do, the dog held on for at least fifteen minutes, and until Strong was entirely dead, after which he skulked away, and was seen no more for several hours.

"This is dreadful!" said Mrs. Jumper, as she gazed upon the lifeless body of her enemy.

"It is, indeed; but you see I could not help it. The dog seemed to be possessed of the very devil," replied Davy.

"But even then he could be no worse than the man he has killed," said Edna. "He would have submitted me to a fate worse than the one he has met with himself, had you not arrived just as you did."

"This is the third time, Edna, that this noble young man has rescued both you and me from most terrible situations."

"Yes, mother, I appreciate and thank God for it," replied the liberated girl.

"Ladies, I have done only what any gentleman would have done," said Davy, bowing.

"True; but how few gentlemen do we meet in these days?" said Edna.

"That you know more about than I do, for you have lately come from civilization, while I have almost forgotten what I ever knew regarding it. But this body must be buried," said he, turning to where the dead rascal lay.

The two women made no reply.

"He is a white man, and if he was ever so great a villain, he is entitled to a white man's burial. Hello, Squeezer, is this you?" he added, as his poor pet dragged himself slowly forward.

The bear's wounds had made him very stiff, but the sound of his master's voice had awakened every fiber in his body, and with a great effort he arose and came forward for a caress and kindly recognition.

"Poor Squeezer, did they hurt you?" said Davy, and the bear rose slowly upon his hind legs and

lifted his right paw to show where the Indian devil had thrust his knife.

"But you showed him how much you loved him, didn't you?"

The bear growled in a curious way, as much as to say, "You are right, old man."

Davy remembered a little jug of ointment that an Indian medicine-man had given him, and which he had used several times himself with good effect upon wounds, and he at once bathed the wound of his pet with it, and then made him lay down upon his mother's skin.

The next thing to do was to bury the body of Harvey Strong. Taking a shovel that belonged to the wagon which had been left with him by the band of emigrants, the only two survivors of which were now in his cave, he dug a grave about twenty rods away, and as the sun went down behind the hills, he buried him out of sight and turned back to his home with a heart half sad and half triumphant.

His enemy and their own was out of the way, and once more he was left master of the situation. But what move next?

Edna and her mother had by this time started a fire, and were preparing supper when Davy returned, and after partaking of it the evening was passed in a gloomy manner, and by nine o'clock Grip was stationed at the mouth of the cave as a sentry and the company retired to rest.

It was a long, long night, and who can tell what dreams visited their sleep after the tragic events of the past forty-eight hours.

But morning came at last, and Davy was astir by daylight, and spent an hour or more with his pets, doctoring their wounds and in other ways making them comfortable and all right.

Finally, Mrs. Jumper and Edna appeared at the mouth of the cave, and proceeded to get breakfast, while Davy cleaned his rifle and fondled his pets.

After breakfast they sat around, each busy with their own thoughts.

"When and how are we to reach Salt Lake City?" asked Mrs. Jumper, after a long pause.

"Heaven only knows," said Edna.

"Is it necessary that you should do so right away?" asked Davy.

"Well, we ought to. Why?"

"I was going to say that perhaps there may be some fur traders along soon, and they would gladly take this wagon and the other one down by the ford, in exchange for putting you safely in Salt Lake City."

"Do you think so?" asked Edna.

"Yes, I am sure of it, for they are just such wagons as they want; and as nobody has a better claim to them than you have, why, you can make the trade."

"But there might not be one along in a long time," suggested Mrs. Jumper.

"That is true, ma'am, but I think there will be one inside of two weeks."

"Do you, indeed? Well, then we can wait."

This seemed to be the only way out of their trouble, and so they waited and watched day after day.

Davy went out every morning with his pets, for Squeezer had recovered as well as Grip, who was hurt less, and every evening they returned laden with valuable pelts, while the mother and daughter attended to the cooking and making their wild home as comfortable as possible.

Day after day passed by, and yet no signs of any fur trader, and as they watched and waited Davy and Edna became better and closer friends, until at length he found himself secretly hoping that no trader might come to break the blissful spell which her beautiful presence had thrown around him.

Mrs. Jumper was not blind to the fact that the two young people were in love with each other, and she was proud that it was so, only she was anxious to reach the end of her journey.

One day, while out hunting, Davy saw a couple of Indians riding along on a pair of mules, and after watching them a moment, he concluded that they were the identical animals that had been taken from his friends at the ford.

"I think I'll take those mules," he mused; "but as I have no use for the Injuns, and they don't seem to have any use for themselves, except to loaf around, kill emigrants, and steal, I guess they may as well go browsing around in the happy hunting-grounds, where, perhaps, they may be more useful; and as he finished speaking he drew a bead on the one who was following up the hill behind his companion, and the next instant that mule was looking around in search of a rider.

The other Indian, who was some twenty rods in advance, and a clump of trees being between them as they rode up toward the plateau, he did not notice that he was alone; in fact, Davy's rifle had sent its pill straight through the heathen's skull, and he had "croaked" without a word.

Quick as ever he could Davy loaded his rifle again, and watched for an opportunity to show his impartiality; that is to say, he tumbled the other redskin off of his mule and left him kicking among the sage brush, while the released animals began grazing, evidently being nearly starved.

Without much trouble Davy secured both of the mules and led them up to the plateau, and finally to a tree near his cave, where he tied them, and gave them some hay that had been left in the wagon.

It was now nearly dark, and as Edna met him on his return, she recognized the mules as the ones that had brought them to the Pass, and now they began to contrive how they should harness them to the wagon and resume their journey.

"I shall be left alone, Edna," said Davy, sadly.

They were walking along towards the cave, followed by Squeezer and his load of skins, while Grip walked proudly on ahead.

"Will you not go with us, Davy?" she asked, looking up into his face.

"And leave my wild, free life here?"

"But would you not for me?"

"For you, Edna? Yes, I would forsake everything in the world for you," said he, stooping to kiss her rosy, upturned lips.

"As I would for you, Davy," said she.

Just then two men leaped down from an eminence and started towards them.

"Hold! who are you?" demanded Davy, placing his hand upon his revolver, while Grip crouched for a spring and Squeezer halted as if to inquire what the matter was.

The two strangers started as though a shock of electricity had overtaken them. They had supposed themselves in the land of the savages; but to hear an English-speaking person, and to see a fine-looking white man and woman, completely unnerved them for the moment.

One of them was a full-blooded negro, but his companion was a white man, and both were armed.

They halted as Davy gave the word of command.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Faix, we are white men," said the white man, who proved to be an Irishman.

"White men! Who is this?" asked Davy, pointing to the negro.

"I am Congo Pete, sah," replied the darkey.

"But you don't call yourself a white man?"

"Yes, begob, but he is a white man, if his skin is black," said the Irishman, coming forward to explain.

"And who are you?" asked Davy.

"Faix, I'm Pat Rooney."

"But where do you come from?"

"From St. Louis, God bless ye."

"But not on foot, surely?"

"Sah, we are wictims," said the darkey.

"What! Victims? How is that?"

"Who be you?" asked Pat Rooney of Davy.

"Me? I'm boss of the Great Pass."

"Well, we'll ye be after leavin' us pass?"

"Of course I will, if you are all right. But how does it happen that you are here alone?"

"Faix, I'll be after tellin' ye. We started wid a foine company from St. Louis, to go overland to Californy. We got along all right 'till ther day beyond yisterday, when a band of murdering Indian spalpeens came down on us, and after a hard fight, Congo here an' myself are all that escaped from 'em."

"Is that so? Where was this?"

"At Echo Pass."

"Good God! And where are the savages?"

"Faix, we know not, only they seem to be going this way."

"How many of them?"

"Bout a million, boss," said Congo.

"Begob, but the nagur is wild. Sure, I' say there was a full thousand of 'em."

"Edna," said he, turning to the beautiful girl who hung on his arm, "a friendly Indian told me to-day that there was to be a butchery at Silver Gulch, and this must be the party."

"It may be, but—"

"If it is, it is my duty to assist the white emigrants who may be caught there. Where are you going?" he asked, turning to the strangers.

"Begob, but that's a riddle."

"We's gwine fo' ter git somewhar' out ob dis," said the negro.

"Come with me. I have a cave close by where you can rest, and after that we will see what can be done to head off this band of savages. Come."

"Sure, yer honor, we're wid yer in anything from a supper to a foight," said Pat.

"All right you are my kind. Come."

Davy led the way to his cave, followed by the two strangers and his pets. But the bear, loaded with skins, puzzled them very much.

"Fot koind of a dorg is that anyway?" asked Pat of his dark companion, pointing to Squeezer.



"Goshermighty if I know! Wuss dorg ebber I seen," replied Congo.

"An' who the divil is the foine lad an' lassie that we mate out in this wild?"

"Dat am de wuss conundrum dat you could gib me. I gubs it up, Pat."

"Faix, it minds me of the Arabian Nights. So it does. But divil a paper do we care. We can't be ony wuss off than we are, an' I'm as hungry as the divil in Lent."

So they conversed and followed along until Davy reached his cave, where they were introduced and made welcome.

The evening was passed most pleasantly; for, after the two strangers had told the story of their adventure, the remainder of the time, before going to bed, was occupied in singing and story-telling by Pat and Congo.

But it was evident that the Sioux Indians were on the warpath, and that there was no safety anywhere around the Pass until they were wiped out. Several emigrant trains had been captured and destroyed by them, and, from what Davy could learn, quite a company of emigrants were now about to pass through Silver Gulch, another pass through the Rattlesnake Mountains, which they had lately been making use of.

"We must surprise these devils," said he, after he had listened to their narration.

"Will you go?" asked Edna, anxiously.

"Yes, Edna. They are white men and women, and it is my duty," said Davy.

"But will you not let me go with you?"

"Yes, Edna, if you will, for you are a brave and noble girl."

"Faix, that she is, shure," said Pat.

"And will you and Congo go along with us?"

"Will a duck swim? Shure I'm perishin' for a chance at 'em, so I am."

"Me too, boss," said Congo, resolutely.

"Can you shoot well?"

"We can."

"And you will fight to the last?"

"Yes, from the first to the last."

"Then you shall go with us. But there is red-hot fighting ahead, according to your account."

"Faix, that's fot we want."

"Good enough! I have a plenty of arms here. Now go to bed and be ready for an early start in the morning."

"So we will," said they both, and as they went to seek their couches, Congo attempted to lay down on Squeezer's skin, and in an instant there was a row, with a bear on top and a negro underneath.

Davy got him out of the scrape, and explained how it was, after which all hands retired for the night, with Grip at the door of the cave on guard.

## CHAPTER XII.

### GOING TO THE RESCUE.

THE next morning breakfast was partaken of early, and all preparations made for a march of five miles, from Great Pass to Silver Gulch, where the Indians lay in ambush waiting for the unsuspecting emigrants who were to go that way.

Pat Rooney, Congo and Edna were all in the best of spirits, and as they armed themselves to the utmost, they appeared very formidable, although there were only four of them.

Edna Jumper was the very personification of spirit and bravery, dressed as she was, in her jaunty rig, half hunter and half feminine, and not one of the company was there who seemed more eager for the fray.

"Come, Grip," said Davy, "you must go along; for we might want you."

"Yes," said Edna, "he is as good as the fifth man."

"Faix, the fifth man is a dorg," said Paddy, whispering to Congo.

Mrs. Jumper was very loath to have her daughter go on such a dangerous expedition, but the heroic girl would hear to nothing but accompanying her lover.

"Begob, but she's fond of him," said Pat to Congo.

"Gosh all religion, why shouldn't she be! He am de boss boy so far as I knows on," replied Congo.

"Sure that's so, I guess; but," he added, stroking his shaggy face, "I think I have a chap in me moind's eye as could outstrip him for good looks, if he had the handling of a barber for a short toime."

Congo laughed until the top of his head seemed to be in danger of falling over backwards; but when the pet bear came along behind him and stood up on his hind legs, and opened his huge mouth with a growl, as though objecting to the darkey's laughing, Congo weakened.

"Oh! oh! oh! Gosh! Took him 'way. Ah!" he yelled; and he brought his big laughing mug together with a snap.

"Faix, he's only joinin' wid ye in yer merri-ment," said Pat.

"Don't want no company. Took him 'way," said Congo, getting behind Pat.

"Here, Squeezer," said Davy, whose attention had been called to what was going on. "Come out of that."

Squeezer got down and waddled towards his master, shaking his stubby tail and looking as though he was laughing himself at the terror he had awakened in the negro's breast.

"Faith, he loves ye, Congo," said Pat.

"Maybe he do; but, by Gosh, I don't like de way he hab ob squeezing an' huggin' a chap."

"But that's because he loikes ye."

"Wal, I's no kind ob a person fo' him ter lub, dat am so."

"He thinks yer foine eatin', I suspect."

"But I don't want him fo' ter think so. I want him fo' to think dat I am tougher dan a smoked buffalo."

"Come, Squeezer," said Davy, "we are going now, and you must stay here and guard the cave and the lady. Mind your eye, will you, old boy?"

The loving brute raised upon his hind legs and placed his fore paws around the young hunter with all the tenderness of a woman, while he returned the caress with earnest friendliness.

"Faix, how the baste loves him," said Pat.

"Wal, dat am all right, but I don't want none ob it in mine," returned Congo.

"Come, boys, are we all ready?" asked Davy.

"We are," said the Irishman.

"Got your pistols and rifles all right?"

"Shuah!" said Congo, who had four revolvers in his belt.

"With a plenty of ammunition?"

"Faith, we cud rape down a hundred of 'em."

"All right. Now follow me and keep your eyes skinned," said Davy, shouldering his rifle and starting away.

"Yah, fo' if we don't keep our eye skinned, we get our heads skinned," said Congo.

"Faix, we may well say that, and fat a foine hould they wud have on that wool of yours. Be jabbers, if I were an Indian, I think I'd walk a hundred moiles for the sake of scalpin' ye."

"But I don't calkerlate fo' ter 'low no foolin' ob dat kind 'round dis child's head. Dar am a nice culled gal in St. Louy dat hab an interest in dis yer scalp!"

"Faith, I suppose she wants the privilege of takin' it herself."

"Go 'way dar," said Congo, laughing.

They were now walking along behind Davy and Edna, who were very much interested in each other, and paying but little attention to their companions, while Grip led the way with his keen nose, ready to announce the first show of danger.

Pat was all the while watching the brave young couple, and trying to get it through his thick head how it was that he should meet such people so far away from civilization.

She was beautiful and refined, and he was handsome and brave. Where had they come from?

Quite often he found himself rapping the front of his mug and wondering if he hadn't found fairy land, and whether or no those people were not like the heroes he had heard and read so much about.

As for Congo, he was somewhat puzzled and looked upon Davy and Edna as superior beings whom he was ready to follow anywhere, feeling that no harm could befall him so long as he was under their guidance.

"Faith, it's bloody toimes we're goin' for," said Pat, as they walked along.

"All right; but I don't care. I knows dat we hab got a shuah thing ob it while we go wid dem folks," said Congo, pointing to Davy.

"An' does ye know, Congo, that I feel that way myself. Dat yer couple am more dan ordinary folks."

"I's shuah ob it, Pat."

"Then divel a harm can come to us if we are surrounded by all the red rascals in the world."

"Dat am so."

This understanding made them both feel all the braver and more ready to follow Davy wherever he should lead. They were all of them armed to the fullest. Each had his rifle and as many revolvers as they could carry in their belts, while hunting-knives were ready for any emergency.

A walk of about two hours brought them to the vicinity of Silver Gulch, a locality that Davy knew perfectly well, and reaching a little cave or shelter made by an overhanging rock and the gnarled trunks of some trees, and leading his little company in here out of sight, he waited a few moments before making another movement.

"This is all right," said he, with evident satisfaction.

"Where is this?" asked Edna.

"Within gunshot of the Gulch; come here," said he, leading her cautiously to a little opening. "Look down yonder; see that opening? Well, they call that Silver Gulch. It is a short cut through the mountains, and within a year or two has come to be used by emigrants more than the South Pass."

"But the Indians?"

"They are probably secreted about here somewhere, and we are lucky in reaching this place without being seen by them."

"Faix, that's so. But are ye sure they haven't done their divilment already?"

"That is what I am going to find out now. You wait here and keep well out of sight while I go out and see what I can see. If you hear two shots, follow me; if not, remain here until I return."

"Ye can depind on us, Mr. Davy," said Pat.

"But you will be careful of yourself, Davy," said Edna, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, Edna, do not fear for me; I know every inch of this land."

"But the Indians?"

"And I know them too; quite as well as they know me," said he, proudly.

"Only think what would happen if they should kill or capture you, Davy. What would become of mother and I?"

"Have no fear. I don't believe I was born for Injun-ment, Edna."

"Golly! wonder if I war?" said Congo, turning to Pat Rooney.

"Begob, Congo, but I'm not an insurance company, for if I war I'd look out for myself fust an' you afterwards. But I think ye're too black for Indian-meat: for, sure, they're dainty burds, so they are."

"Den, by gosh, dey gib us de go-by, shuah," replied the darkey, laughing loudly.

"Hush!" said Davy. "Be quiet and careful, for they may be within ten yards of us."

"Wud ye hould yer gab, ye nagur?" said Pat, reprovingly.

"Who dat?"

"You. Wud ye close up the cave in yer head an' make less noise wid yer mouth?"

"Dat am all right, if Marser Davy say so," said the negro.

"Well, I do say so."

"Do ye moind that?"

"I amn't got nuffin fo' to say any mo'."

"Now remember what I have said, and in my absence do as Edna says in all things."

"Faix, we'll go shoot ourselves if she only says so."

"Yah, by gosh, we'll put heads on ourselves."

"No, no; we want you to shoot and put heads on Indians," said Edna, laughing.

"Begorra, but we'll do the divil's bidding if yer swate lips only spake us to do it."

"Ah, Pat, like your whole nation, you appear to have kissed the blarney-stone," said she.

"Faix, I dunno; but loike ivery Irishman that iver lived, I've an eye an' a lovin' for bravery and beauty."

"Well, be cautious all of you, and listen for any signal that I may give. The Injuns are about here somewhere and I must find 'em," said Davy, shouldering his rifle and calling to Grip. "Remember!" and he stole cautiously out of the cave.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE HERO OF SILVER GULCH.

IT was now about noon, and yet there was nothing moving to disturb the silence of those vast western wilds, and scarcely a breath moved the leaves of the tall mountain trees which stood like grim sentinels on the boundaries of civilization.

Edna watched Davy as he stole forth from the rendezvous, and with palpitating heart caught his every motion until he was lost to sight among the trees and crags below.

Pat and Congo also watched him.

"Faix, Miss, but he's the bravest lad that iver shouldered a rifle," said Pat.

"Don't know nuffin 'bout what scare am," added Congo.

"You are right; and if you only knew as much about him as I do, and if you had as much reason to be thankful to him for what he has done as I have, you would be even wilder in your demonstrations of admiration," replied Edna, with much spirit.

"Divil a doubt of it, Miss. But I axes yer pardon when I speaks."

"What is it you mean?"

"Ye moind we met yees together."

"Yes, I remember."

"But we thought we war transported tu fairy-land, an' that ye two were the bosses."

"I don't understand you," said she.



"Begob, I'm not sure that I understand myself," replied Pat, scratching his head.

"Miss Edna, he am Irish, an' he don't see fings as we see 'em. What he wants fo' ter say is dat you am de—de—dat you am—"

"Oh, go 'way, nagur! Pat I war about to say is that Miss Edna is the most beautiful—"

"Tut, tut! More blarney-stone," said she, shaking her finger at him.

"Well, faith, I'm not sure but the nagur is right, after all," said Pat.

"But what are you driving at?" she asked, with a roguish smile.

"Faix, I disremember, but I think I war a spakin' about yer beauty, Miss," said Pat bashfully.

"You were speaking of fairy land."

"Sure I was; but when ye turn them foine blue eyes on me I'm gone entirely. But it seemed that we war transported somewhere, so it did."

"Yau, dat yer Irisher, he been tellin' me stories 'bout goblins an' fairies eber since we fus' saw you and Marser Davy yesterday," said Congo.

"Wal, Miss, the fact is—"

"What?"

"Wal, to tell the truth, Miss, it don't seem as though ye war flesh and blood at all, at all."

"Not flesh and blood!" said Edna, laughing; "what do you take us for, then, pray?"

"Faix, that's fat put me in mind of fairy land."

"Nonsense, I am only an emigrant like yourself. With my party I was taken prisoner as you were, but was rescued by this brave young man, Davy Crockett, who has on three different occasions saved my life."

"Good God! is that so?"

"It is indeed."

"Then ye have a right ter love him," said Pat, while Edna blushed red as a rose.

"By gosh, I'd love a mule dat save my life free times; see if I wouldn't," said Congo.

"Hark!" said she, going to the opening between the roots of the trees, and glad for the slightest excuse for turning the subject.

"Who dar?" said Congo, springing forward.

"Did yees hear anything, Miss?" asked Pat.

"I am sure I heard something. Listen!"

For fully five minutes not a word was spoken, and each of them bent in the attitude of listening.

A movement in the bushes attracted their attention, and instantly three rifles were raised and pointed in the direction.

"Whist! it may be a devil!" whispered Pat.

"Yes, watch closely," said Edna.

Just then there was another movement, and Grip popped out of the bushes and ran to the cave.

"Grip, old fellow, where's your master?" asked Edna, springing towards him.

The sagacious brute turned back and looked down the way, while he wagged his tail knowingly.

"Begob, but that tail spakes volumes," said Pat.

"How?"

"Don't ye see, Miss, that there's pleasure in the wag of it?"

"Do you think so?"

"I'd stake my life on it, Miss, Davy is all right; an' I know it by the wag of the dog's tail."

"Well, you must be a close observer, when you can interpret the meaning of the wag of a dog's tail."

"Faith, that's because I'm a student of human nature, so it is."

"Of human nature?"

"To be sure; for what's a dog but the unspakin' part of his masher?"

"I don't understand you."

"Well, thin, look yonder," said he, pointing down the way where Davy was approaching.

"Ah! Davy has returned," said she, gladly.

"An' didn't I tell you that the baste's tail spake happiness?" said Pat, triumphantly.

Edna laughed as she sprang forward to meet her lover.

"What news, Davy?" she asked.

"I have found them," he replied.

"Where?"

"Just around on the other side, at least a hundred of them."

"A hundred?"

"Yes, all armed and waiting."

"But how can we ever hope to defeat such a number as that, Davy?"

"A hundred! Faith, that's twenty-five apiece," said Pat, shaking his head.

"Gosh, yas; but yer don't fo' go ter 'spect dat dey are all a gwine fo' ter stay an' be shot at, do yer?" asked Congo, earnestly.

"That is it, Congo; you have it. We shall not have to kill them all, for if we can work it right and not let them know how many there are of us, they won't stop until they are all killed; don't forget that."

"But where do you suppose they will attack the emigrants?" asked Edna.

"In the same place where the last slaughter took place, just around the ledge. I saw a nice place quite near there, and we must reach it right away. Come, follow me."

"Is the way clear, Davy?"

"Now it is; but five minutes from now, when the emigrants may appear, it would be impossible for us to reach it without being seen."

"Then let's go at once," said the brave girl.

"Yes, follow me," said Davy, leading the way cautiously from the cave.

"By gosh, I guess dar am fun ahead!"

"Faix, there is, if it only happens that the killin' is on only one side," said Pat.

"Hush! Move with the greatest caution," said Davy.

Under his guidance they followed along, and after a cautious march of about five minutes, they reached a little grotto—but which was more of a cave, after all—several hundred feet below where they had been waiting.

Here they commanded even a better view of the roadway which led through the canyon, or gulch, than the cave above had afforded them.

"Now we are all right. The red devils are encamped just to the left, and their scouts are out on the other side, watching for the approach of the unsuspecting emigrants," said Davy.

"When am dis yer business gwine fo' ter begin?"

"Just as soon as we get sight of red meat," said Davy. "Hark!"

There was a peculiar noise made over on the other side of the pass among the trees.

"What was that, Davy?"

"An Indian signal."

"Of what?"

"Approaching victims. The emigrant train has been sighted. Hush!"

"Ah! what's that?"

"The answering call."

"For what?"

"Showing that they understand the signal at the outpost. Now watch and wait."

"Oh, Davy, this is terrible!" said Edna.

"Yes; but think of those poor, unsuspecting emigrants, Edna."

"True; but can we defend them?"

"We can try like thunder," said he, with a peculiar laugh, which he only uttered under the most trying circumstances.

"By gosh, I've gwine fo' to hab a big piece ob dis yer," said Congo, examining his rifle.

"Faix, Congo, yer can't have any of my twenty-foive," said Pat, resolutely.

"But nobody got nuffin fo' ter do wid my smoked meat, fo' shua."

"Bedad, but yer may feel happy if they don't get a taste of your smoked mate," said Pat.

"Hush! There they come," said Davy.

"Where—where?" they all asked; for, as yet, only the keen and practiced eye of the alert young hunter had seen anything suspicious.

"See yonder on the opposite side among that sage bush; do you not see something moving in it?" he asked, pointing out the suspicious locality to them.

"Yes, faith, I see 'em," said Pat.

"Can you tell how many of them there are, Davy?" asked Edna, with much anxiety.

"At least a hundred. I counted them while standing on a table-rock a few rods further to the left."

The brave girl sighed and grew a trifle paler.

"But you are not afraid, are you, Edna?" he asked, half banteringly.

"No, not with you, Davy. In fact, I don't stop to think of anything but you," said she, gazing up into his manly face with her eyes dimmed with tears.

"Have no fears, Edna. We have the advantage of them, for we can see them and they cannot see us. Besides, our position here is a strong one, for they cannot reach us without crowding up that narrow path, where they will be obliged to walk in single file, and where we can pop them off and send them howling into that rugged abyss below."

"Davy, you should be a general," said she, smiling, and allowing him to steal a taste of her lips.

"Mister Davy," said Pat, who had been watching the cat-like movements of the skulking Indians until his blood was up.

"What is it, Pat?"

"We have twenty-foive apiece of the devils."

"Yes, all of that, provided they stay to see the amusement to the very end," said Davy, smiling.

"Begorra, may I commence on my twenty-foive now?"

"No, no;—that would raise the very devil."

"An' sure, that's just fat I want ter do."

"You do?"

"Yes, wid the bloody devils beyant."

"No, no. Wait and watch. I know them better than you do."

"Faix, I don't want ter know 'em at all, at all, only at a distance. But, be the toe nail of Moses, I'd loike fer ther shake hands wid a few of 'em wid my rifle here."

"That is all right, Pat, but you would spoil everything if you should fire upon them now. Wait and see what turns up, for this band of emigrants may contain some fighters who will lend us much assistance. Wait."

"Begob, but it's hard to wait afther my blood is up, so it is. I say, nagur, will ye just let me put ye a scalp or two, ter give me aise while I'm waiting?" he asked, turning to the negro.

"Better not fool 'round me wid yer angry passions," said Congo, shaking his woolly head.

"Sure, I'll pay ye well for it."

"Oh, you go shoot yourself," replied Congo indignantly.

"Faith, I'll be afther doin' that same very soon if I don't get a chance at them devil's imps yonder."

Pat was fully roused, and was walking around the little cave, full of fight and scarcely able to keep from giving vent to a regular old Irish whoop.

But Davy and Edna kept him down by dint of persuasion and example.

When an Irishman's blood is up to the fighting point, he has to tear around or burst.

But Davy was watching with all his eyes for the first appearance of the emigrant wagons, as he was fully convinced that the Indians were massed in the sage brush almost opposite of where he stood, and evidently intended to swoop down upon their unsuspecting victims just as they reached the most perplexing portion of the rough road.

Presently the foremost wagon hove in sight, and came along down the narrow pass, closely followed by five or six others.

It was a moment of supreme excitement; but Davy Crockett stood as calm and cool as he would have stood before his own cave at peaceful sunset.

The leading wagon approached slowly, and as it was about to cross a small stream which fluttered through the pass, the Indians uttered a concerted and most unearthly yell, and darted out of the brush upon them.

Davy and his friends were not more than one hundred and fifty, or two hundred feet away.

"Now, then, go for them!" shouted he; and hardly had his own rifle sent the chief to the devil, before those of Edna, Pat and Congo had also secured meat.

Edna was armed with a breech-loader, and consequently she was enabled to fire three times to the others once, and not a shot failed.

Meantime there was the utmost consternation among the emigrants.

Brave men sprang to their rifles, and were doing good service, although they could not understand the firing just above them which sent so many of their enemies to grass.

Women screamed and prayed; children cried and called upon their parents for protection, while the horses and mules became wild and unmanageable, and were plunging about in the most dangerous manner imaginable.

This of course created a diversion in favor of the savages, who fired into the wagons; and in one or two instances shot the teams, the better to secure the wagons and their plunder.

But they soon became convinced that there was another enemy present, and as warrior after warrior fell, they fled from cover of that dreadful spot where death was dealing them out a pill nearly every second, and while trying to hide from Davy and his friends they exposed themselves to the rifles of the now thoroughly aroused emigrants.

But the red devils were not to be balked in their attempts, and about twenty of them, under the leadership of a reckless brave, dashed across the ravine, and with wild yells started up the path leading to the spot where Davy was.

"Murder, but here's fun a coming," said Pat.

"Hush! Keep the charges in your rifles and take your pistols. Now!" said he, setting them a good example by tumbling the leader over in the ravine with a shot from his revolver.

In less than five minutes the whole lot of them were waiting for the devil to call for them in the jagged bottom of the deep ravine, while the others had succeeded in driving the emigrants away from and capturing two of the wagons.

"Pat, will you follow me?" said Davy, quickly.

"Faith, I will."

"And will you fight like the devil?"

"Begob, I'll foight you, if you doubt me."

"Come on, then. Congo, you stay here with Edna, and put a slug through every devil's head that you see."

"They have captured two of the wagons, and



have the company foul, unless we can turn them by an attack in their rear."

"Be careful, Davy," said Edna.

"Have no fear, darling," said he.

"Shall I be careful, Miss Edna?" asked Pat, half comically.

"Yes, be careful of Davy," said she.

"Faith, I will—be careful that he don't send any more bloody rascals to the devil than I do, so I will."

"All right," said she, laughing.

"Come, Pat," said Davy, who had finished loading his revolvers. "Come, Grip."

"I'm wid ye, Davy," and away they started at a run, down the narrow way.

Like devils unexpected, they fell upon the savages, who were massing behind the wagons they had captured, and shot them down like sheep.

"Ough! Hunter Crockett!" shouted several of them, and ran away, while half a dozen more turned upon him with their uplifted tomahawks.

Pat was distributing his favors around in good style, all the while shouting like a veritable Indian.

Davy seemed to be a perfect arsenal, for no soon had he emptied the chambers of his revolver, than he threw it aside, and drew another from his belt.

Shot after shot was fired at him at short range, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for although Pat was hit twice and pretty badly, he escaped all harm for a long time, and sent consternation into the ranks of the enemy.

But they soon saw that there were only two of their foes, although Edna and Congo was sending shot after shot down upon him with fatal effect, and so they rallied for a last and desperate charge.

They gathered behind one of the wagons, and forming in two parties of five each, they darted around upon them from either end. Davy made two of them stop for good, and Pat doctored one, although his wounds made him weak.

But with a wild cry, they darted forward like devils incarnate, fearing nothing, and fell upon Davy.

The leader was about to plunge his cruel hatchet into his skull, when a shot from Edna's watchful rifle made him stop!

Grip was not idle all the while, and when Pat was about to be overpowered, he took a piece out of one of the devil's throat and made him stop.

By this time the emigrants had learned the true state of affairs, and rallied to Davy's support, and in less than five minutes a struggling, frightened half dozen, all that remained of that terrible, warlike band of devils, fled to the woods, and the victory was complete.

Edna flew down the path to learn if her lover had been injured, and seeing that the foe had been killed and beaten off, the emigrants, men, women and children, gathered around the hero of the hour, and their brave savior.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE STRANGE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

CONGRATULATIONS, inquiries, and explanations were the order of the hour after the bloody fights. Who was the youth who had saved them from a terrible massacre that certainly would have overtaken them had he and his friends not interposed? they all asked.

Davy's position was speedily understood, however. He was simply a brave and daring hunter. But who was the beautiful girl who stood so proudly by his side, and seemed so delighted at his escape?

The women and children gathered around her and almost smothered her with thanks and inquiries. To all of them she told the story of her own capture and rescue by the same brave youth who had saved them, and in a very short time Davy Crockett was hailed and regarded as the hero of Silver Gulch and the savior of the company.

It was soon ascertained that only one of the company had been killed, and about half a dozen of them wounded.

"And how is it with you, Pat?" asked Davy, as soon as he could get away from his admirers.

"Faix, they giv me a taste," said the brave fellow, who had seated himself upon a rock, and was trying to stop the flow of blood.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Edna, flying to his side.

"Musha, colleen, not more than your own swate eyes will cure, I guess," he said, faintly.

"Oh, you will be a flatterer under any circumstances," said she, binding her handkerchief around his wounded arm to stop the flow of blood.

"Begorra, I didn't flatter some of those devils there," he said, pointing to a heap of dead Indians.

"You are right."

One or two others of the party paid attention to him, and it was soon learned that he was not hurt very bad, and in the meantime the teams were being got into shape again, and preparations made for continuing the journey.

After nearly all of the party had thanked and congratulated Davy, a middle-aged woman of more than common beauty approached him, with a strange, peculiar look in her eyes.

"Excuse me, noble youth, but what is your name?" she asked.

"Davy Crockett, mam," said he, respectfully.

"Davy Crockett," she said musingly.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, first, a curiosity to know the person's name who has saved all our lives, and also because of the remarkable likeness you bear to a man I once knew," said she, turning away with a sigh and look of disappointment.

"Somebody that looks like me," mused Davy.

"Hanged if I knew there was anybody in the world that looked like me. Wonder how I do look, any way? I remember seeing myself in a looking-glass when I was a little chicken, but I wonder how I look now?"

The woman walked away a short distance, and stood regarding the youthful hero intently, while strong men and thankful women showered him and the beautiful Edna with praises and thanks.

"And how are you, Congo?" he asked, as the negro approached him.

"Fus-class, Marse Davy."

"Get hurt?"

"No, by goshermighty! only got my feelin's hurt."

"Your feelings hurt? How so?"

"It hurt my feelin's, Marse Davy, 'cause I couldn't kill no mo' dem cussed Injuns."

Davy and the others laughed heartily.

"Oh, well, Congo, you did first-rate."

"Indeed he did," was the general response.

"Faix, the colored troops fought nobly," ejaculated Pat Rooney, with a broad smile.

"And so did the Irish," said one of the emigrants.

"And the Americans, begob!" returned Pat.

"You may well say that," was the general response.

"Begorra, but he loves red mate, so he does. If the devil himself can foight better nor Davy Crockett can, begob it's no wonder that he's boss of the worruld."

"Friends, you flatter me," said Davy.

"Divil a flatter!"

"Besides, you don't say a word in the praise of my frind Grip, here," he added, extending his hand for the faithful dog to caress.

"Begorra, but he's a baste afther me own heart, an' afther the throats of the Injuns, so he is."

"He's a treasure," they all said; and Grip appeared to understand all that was being said about him, for he wagged his tail and glanced up at Davy to see if he indorsed the compliment.

Again did the strange woman approach Davy.

"Tell me, please—for I cannot leave you without satisfying my mind—what part of the country did you come from?" said she.

"Well, from Saint Louis, or somewhere along the Mississippi River, I believe. But I was quite young, and do not remember any particulars."

"But how came you here?"

"The party I was with, going overland somewhere, was taken by the Indians and slaughtered in the Great South Pass. I alone, with this dog, then a mere pup, escaped, and ever since then I have lived in a cave in the Pass, and have followed hunting for a business, varying it occasionally by killing Indian devils, to help pay off the debt I owe them, and, at the same time, to provide myself with different kind of arms. This is how we all happen to be so well fixed for business," he added, laughing.

The entire party, having gathered near to listen to his narration, now sent up a rousing cheer for him.

"And were your parents slain with the rest?"

"That I do not know; but somehow I have often thought that they could not have been my parents, for they never appeared to care for me much."

"Davy, they could not have been your own parents, or they surely would have loved you," said Edna; and then remembering that she had betrayed herself, she blushed to the roots of her hair.

"And you have nothing left by which you could be identified?"

"Nothing that I know of, except Grip here. He was with me at the time," said he, laughing and patting his pet on the head.

"Do you remember any of their names—any of the party with whom you were traveling at the time?" she asked, earnestly.

"Yes, I think I do. There was David some-

body, Jim somebody else, Mr. Mullen and his wife—"

"Mullen and his wife?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, I believe so."

"And you were with them?"

"I think so. At all events, I don't recollect of anybody else who paid more attention to me than they did."

"Do you remember their first names, either of them?"

"No, I don't think I do; though I have a faint recollection of hearing her call him Jake, or something like that."

"Yes, yes, Jacob Mullen. Go on," said she, manifesting more and more earnestness.

"Well, I can't recollect any of the others; and now, perhaps, it is my turn to ask questions."

"One question more. Was she a tall, dark woman?"

"Yes, I think she was; I am sure of it."

"And he?"

"A stout, thick-set man."

"With sandy beard?"

"Yes, I remember that very well."

"Ah! they are the ones," said she, vehemently.

"What ones?" he asked, curiously.

"That remains to be told. But you have no right to be a resident of these dangerous wilds."

"Why not?"

"Because you belong to a better sphere."

"How better?" he asked, as though there could be anything better than the life of a hunter.

"Your name is not Davy Crockett," she replied, with great vehemence.

"Not Davy Crockett?"

"No."

"Well, that's what they call me."

"True; and it is a name greatly to be respected. You show your fine manhood by being proud of the name that has been bestowed upon you; but it is not yours, nevertheless."

"Pray, what is it, then?"

"Norman Vanderbilt."

"Norman Vanderbilt?" he mused, while a serious cloud swept over his face. "Norman—where have I heard that name?"

"Does it seem familiar to you?"

"It does, indeed. Somewhere I have heard that name; but where, I cannot tell."

"It was the name your mother gave you."

"My mother!"

"Yes, your mother."

"How do you know this?"

"Because she was my sister."

"My mother, your sister?"

"Yes, my own and only sister."

"Explain."

"I will, although it may not be of any interest to those around us."

"Never mind, they are my friends," said he, waving his hand towards the attentive crowd, who were gathered anxiously near.

"Well, I will tell my story, for they should know it as well as you, although not interested in it so much as you are."

"Faix, we're all interested in anything that pertains ter the foinest lad in the far west," said Pat, with much earnestness.

"To be sure we are," was the response.

"Well, my story, and your story, is this," she began: "Your father, Thomas Vanderbilt, was the son of one of the wealthiest men in New York. He was wild and gay. He met my sister Kate, one of the brave, most beautiful girls in New York, and, falling as deeply in love with her as she did with him, he married her."

His father was a hard-hearted, cold, moneyed man of the world, and when he found that his son had married a poor girl, simply because she was beautiful, he cut him off and refused to recognize her."

"The old rascal!" put in Davy.

"He tried to get him to abandon her, but he would not, he loved her too tenderly; so he allowed him to drift along; and finally a son was born. The father fondly hoped that this would heal the breach between them, but it only made it the wider. Finally, the old man offered the son one hundred thousand dollars worth of land in California, if he would settle upon it, either he or his heirs, so the deed read, and never trouble him more. Your father accepted the proposition, and with the deed started for California, resolved that the soil should make him independent of the world, for the land was in the most fertile portion of the Golden State."

"Thus matters stood; but in order to make it comprehensible, I must state that your father had an elder brother, an avaricious man, who had gloated over his brother's marriage, hoping that it would cut him off and leave all to him; and when he found that his father had settled one hundred thousand dollars' worth of California land upon him, he was wild with rage, for it was this very land that he had had his eyes upon for years, thinking that gold and other



wealth was stored in it for him. So he resolved to cut him off in a sanguinary manner, child and all, so that all this vast wealth would come to him; and when your father started by the overland route to take possession of his beautiful patrimony, he followed like a sleuth-hound behind. Your father reached St. Louis, and there sickness, and finally death overtook him. This saved his brother the trouble of killing him as he had designed, but the deed of the land was still in the hands of his grief-stricken wife, my sister.

"With her child she resolved to press on and reach the promised land, but fearing lest his brother (whom she had learned was on his track), might do her and her child harm, she left the deed with me, for at St. Louis I refused to go further west, as I had accompanied them from New York, and so she resolved to push on without me.

"Here the brother's villainy showed itself. He hired some ruffians to kill the widow of his brother, together with the child who would have been heir had he survived.

"The mother was slain, but the child fell into the hands of a man and his wife, by the name of Jacob Mullen, who, taking a fancy to it, at once resolved to protect and adopt it.

"The brother, in the meantime, supposed that both mother and child had fallen, together with the destruction of the unrecovered deed. So he returned to New York, where he reported the state of affairs to his father, who at once suspected something wrong, and refused to believe that his son, or his grandson, was dead until the lapse of twenty years."

"Be jabbers, but that was good for the ould man," put in Pat Rooney.

"That twenty years is not yet up, and the deed of that land is now in my possession," said she, with dramatic effect.

A loud cheer startled the echoes of the Rattlesnake Mountains, for the emigrants had become intensely interested, not only in our hero, but in the story of his future that was being unfolded.

"And you are my aunt?" asked Davy, with a sadness in his tone.

"I am."

"And you have the deeds of this land?"

"I have them here."

"What can this mean?"

"It means, Davy," said Edna, who had been an attentive listener to all that had been said, "it means that the finger of Providence is in it all."

"But what shall be done?" he asked, at length.

"Go with us and claim your property," said one of the men.

"What do you say, Edna?" he asked, turning to the beautiful girl.

"I say so, too. We will all go. Let us go back to your cave and get mother and take her along. I will go to Salt Lake City and take possession of the fortune that my uncle left me, and you shall go on to California with your aunt here, and—and—" here she hesitated and looked as though she were sorry that she made the proposition that was to separate them.

"But when shall we meet again?" he asked, with much feeling.

"We shall meet again, Davy, never fear. Let us at once make preparations to join this company," she said, in a whisper.

"All right. Friends, we will join your company, and go with you as far as you are going. Move along, and stop at night by the Dark Ford, and we will join you early in the morning," said Davy.

This being arranged and explained, Davy, Pat, Congo and Edna returned to the cave in Great South Pass, while the emigrants buried their dead companion, and started on in continuation of their journey, and for the fulfillment of their agreement with their benefactor and friend, Davy Crockett.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE FOCAL POINTS OF A ROMANCE.

It will be remembered that Davy captured a pair of mules from the Indians, but as he had no harness for them, they were about as valuable to him as a pair of cast iron dogs would have been; so he was obliged to let them go loose and grub for themselves a short time after he had captured them.

But mules know which side their bread is buttered on, and so these two started out in search of buttered grub, and after roaming around for several days, they found a verdant plateau, on which grew a little of everything that was beautiful and good for mules to eat.

Here they loafed, ate, and grew fat, and as Davy and his party were returning from Silver Gulch they came across these very mules, still

with their old halters on, and with some trouble they captured and secured them for further use.

This done, they started directly for Davy's cave. Edna was even more anxious than the rest, for she knew that her mother would be worried at her absence.

But on arriving at the Pass they were startled by the report of a rifle, coming from the direction of Davy's cave.

"Oh, Davy, what is that?" asked Edna, anxiously.

"I do not know, darling; but wait here a moment and let me scout," said he, motioning the others back and pressing cautiously forward, followed by Grip.

He had not gone very far before he became convinced that there was trouble brewing around his home, for he saw five hideously-painted savages dancing in front of his cave, and while singing a death song were engaged in a fiendish dance, showing that they had got their victim in a close place.

It did not take a second for Davy to comprehend that the Indians had made a raid upon his cave, and that Mrs. Jumper had defended it, which accounted for the report of the rifle. But he knew that there was but one rifle left, and but little ammunition, and that she might even now be in great straits.

But fate willed that Davy should be always on time.

Watching their wild antics for a moment, he finally raised his rifle to his shoulder, and drew a bead on one of the dancing devils.

He stopped his dancing right away. In fact, he seemed to have lost his interest in everything but laying down and keeping remarkably quiet.

In an instant the other Indian darted out of sight, and Davy beckoned for his friends to approach.

"Fat is it?" asked Pat, as they approached.

"Indians," said Davy.

"Where are they?" asked Edna.

"They were in front of my cave, but—"

"And mother is there, Davy," said she.

"Yes, but she is all right."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes. The devils had come upon the cave and finding only one person there, and that a woman, they began a triumph dance. But one of them will never join such a dance again," he added, laughing.

"Your shot—"

"Sent him to the devil."

"Begob, but the devil's gettin' the best of this day's job, so he is," said Pat.

"Now they have fled to cover, and are waiting for the next move."

"An' fat is the next?"

"We must make it. You wait and watch here, while I and Grip go around and drive them out of their hiding-places."

"Faix, but ye have a right to lave me go wid ye," said Pat, half mournfully.

"No, ye wait here, watch and be ready."

"But my mother, Davy," said Edna.

"Have no fear for her. She is safe. Watch with all your eyes and bring down the first red-skin that shows himself. Come, Grip."

Waving his hand to Edna and the others, he started away again.

"Faix, I'd kill Injun as long as I had breathin' about me; but that young fellow's bravery puts me ter the blush, so it does."

"Ya, it make me blush, too," said Congo.

"You blush!" said Pat; and both he and Edna laughed.

Davy worked his way around, until he got completely in the rear of where the savages were crouching, and with his unerring rifle, he sent one of the remaining five keeling over headlong among the underbrush, while the others, startled and confused, started to run back towards the cave, and three shots fired from the hiding-place where Edna, Pat and Congo stood, had the effect of putting another out of the way, and crippling another.

But while this was going on, two of the most bloody devils had discovered Davy, and calling their dogs they started in a roundabout way to come upon him, while he was slowly working his way down into the Pass in the direction of his cave. Edna and the others were doing the same thing.

Presently the two braves pounced out upon our hero, and being too close for the use of their pistols or aught else but knives, they both fell upon him, while their wild dogs pounced upon Grip with equal ferocity.

Davy drew his long hunting-knife, and prepared to meet his terrible enemies.

The foremost, full of pride and confidence, darted upon the intrepid hunter as though sure of dispatching him at a blow. But the blow happened to be on the wrong side, and just as Davy sent his long knife home in the rascal's neck,

Grip had succeeded in dispatching one of the wild dogs, and had tackled the other.

The second Indian was a powerful brave, and he advanced upon Davy with a wild yell and uplifted tomahawk.

Davy warded off his blow, but the force of it felled him over backwards, and in an instant the savage was upon him with a terrible yell.

It seemed as though Davy had passed through all the dangers we have recorded only to be cruelly slaughtered now.

He was forced back over a rock in such a way as to be most completely powerless, and, in a second more, his head would be cleft in twain by a blow from that uplifted hatchet, when a ball sped from Edna's rifle, and the painted devil fell over backwards dead.

The next instant, Davy was upon his feet, and a shot from his revolver laid the remaining ruffian low, another having started to come up when he saw the advantage his fellows had over the hated hunter.

In five minutes from that time Edna was in her mother's embrace, and Davy was patting Squeezer on the head, and calling upon Pat and Congo to enter the cave.

The story of the day was soon told; and as they gathered around their evening meal, the last that Davy was destined to eat in his long-prized cave, they all indulged in accounts of what had befallen them since they set out to rescue the emigrants who passed through Silver Gulch.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ENTERING UPON A NEW LIFE.

THE next morning they were all astir at an early hour, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, Davy packed his skins and other valuables upon the broad and willing back of Squeezer, and when all was in readiness, he bade farewell to his old cave with much emotion.

"I shall always love it, Edna, because it was here I first beheld you," said he.

"And I shall love it for the same reason," said she, placing her arms around his neck.

"But what is before us, Edna?" he asked, with much feeling.

"Yes, Davy, what?"

A few moments' silence followed, which was finally broken by Davy.

"Well, I fear I shall never find another place where I shall be so happy; no other place that will seem so much like home to me."

"Davy, you fear you will never find a place where you will feel so happy?" she asked, with much feeling.

"There is only one person in the world who can make a place seem so happy as this has always seemed to me, and—"

"Who is that person, Davy?" she asked, quickly.

"You, darling," he said, kissing her.

"There where I am, happiness will be, will it not, Davy?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, then, come on."

"With all my heart."

In a few moments everything was arranged, and the company started forth to join the band of emigrants they had rescued the day before.

"Begorra, Congo, but it's a foine parthy we will have now," said Pat.

They were walking along behind Davy and Edna, who led the way, and the bear who was carrying the principal burdens.

"Ya, by goshermighty, dat am so, Irish," replied Congo.

"Faix, we can lick the puddin' out o' any band o' cussed hathin that may have the audacity to cross our path."

"Go clean fro a whole willage ob 'em!"

And so the two brave fellows chatted as they walked along, while Davy and Edna were so much occupied with each other that they hardly noticed her mother. But Pat was all attention to her, and with his politeness and blarney he managed to cheer her up to a great degree, and make everything seem brighter.

"Be jabbers," he mused, "I wonder if Mistress Jumper wouldn't take a loikin' ter me? Faix, I'm not the worst chap in the world. Begob, I'll see."

During the next three miles of the way Pat was even more attentive to the widow than he had been before.

"Begorra, I wonder duz she take me for a granehorn?" he mused. "Faix, all the soft love-makin' an' blarney that I've spent on her seems for nothin', so it does. Begob, but I think I'm a drulin' idiot, so I do."

Thus he mused, and between his attentions to her and attending to the burden-bearer, Squeezer, he was fully occupied until they came up with



the emigrants, who, according to agreement, were now camped and waiting at Dark Ford.

After the reunion had been fully understood, and everybody had been put in splendid spirits by the advent of Davy Crockett and his party, a meeting of the emigrants was held, and Davy was chosen captain of the company.

At about noon they started, and day after day they marched until they at length reached Salt Lake City.

Here Edna and her mother found their friends, and even before the company had recruited, and was ready to continue their journey to San Francisco, she had taken possession of her property, and was at once welcomed and regarded as one of the wealthiest women in the great west.

The parting between Davy and Edna, as he made ready to continue the journey with the other emigrants, was affecting in the extreme.

Davy had disposed of his pelts at Salt Lake City, and really having no further use for his pet, Squeezer, he left him in charge of Edna and her mother, while he continued on with Grip and his companions.

But Davy and Edna swore eternal love and fidelity to each other as they parted, and promising to meet again, he led the way out of the great

Mormon city, out through the mountain passes and terrible wilds, onward toward the distant Pacific.

But it would be too tedious were we to follow the party and record all that happened to them, but instead of that we can say that they met with several wild and thrilling adventures, many hair-breadth escapes and eminent dangers; but at the end of a month they all arrived safe and sound at San Francisco, the golden center where imagination had fixed an Eden.

After resting for a few days, Davy parted with the majority of the company, including Pat Rooney and Congo, who gave vent to the most dramatic protestations of friendship and eternal love for him; and then, in company with his new-found aunt, he proceeded to take possession of the lands that were his according to his grandfather's will and deed.

He found little difficulty in accomplishing this; and then, under her tuition, he set himself to work to get an education, she supplying the deficiency for the time being, by writing to Edna and giving her an account of what had happened on the journey, and assuring her of his undying love for her.

At the end of three years the spirit of science

had hovered over these long stretches of western waste, and the Pacific Railroad was completed.

Davy Crockett, for so we will still call him, had in the meantime obtained a very good education, and fully established himself in his princely possessions; and when the first train ran through from the Pacific towards the Atlantic coast, he was on it, bound for Salt Lake City.

But there is no occasion for continuing this narrative much further; all that remains to be said is, that Davy and Edna met; that she was even more beautiful than he had fancied her to be; that they were both wealthy; and after marrying and arranging their affairs with an agent in Salt Lake City, they returned to beautiful San Francisco, where he had built a most delightful home, and where, even to this day, they reside among the most wealthy and respected people of the Golden State.

Grip and Squeezer are still held as pets, and they have a soft thing of it, growing fat, old and lazy in the greatest luxury that money and love can bestow upon them. But Davy, when he occasionally plays with them, never forgets the past, when he was plain Davy Crockett, the hunter, as thousands on the western slope to-day remember with gratitude the Hero of Silver Gulch.

[THE END.]

## Useful and Instructive Books.

**HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS.**—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love letters, and when to use them; also giving specimen letters for both the young and old. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE,** a complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO FLIRT.**—Just out. The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window, and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BEHAVE,** containing the rules and etiquette of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing-room. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY** is the title of a very valuable little book just published. A complete compendium of games, sports, card-diversions, comic recreations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published. Sold by all newsdealers, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and receive it by return mail, post-paid.

**HOW TO DO IT.**—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. Frank Tousey publishes a book that tells you all about it. Send 10 cents and get it. There's happiness in it. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO EXPLAIN DREAMS.**—Everybody dreams, from the little child to the aged man and woman. This little book gives the explanation to all kinds of dreams, together with lucky and unlucky days, and "Napoleon's Oraculum," the book of fate. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Price 10 cents, or we will send it to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION, AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, tables of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instructions of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.**—Giving full instruction for the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars, and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations. Every boy can become strong and healthy by following the instructions contained in this little book. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations; giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of ten cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets. Also giving full instructions for making cages, nests, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.



# THE GREAT FIVE-CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

The Largest, Cheapest, Handsomest, and Most Popular  
Library in the World.

## READ THE FOLLOWING LIST OF THE LATEST ISSUES PUBLISHED:

- |                                                                                                                         |                                                                                              |                                                                                         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 49 Fair-Weather Jack; or, Life in the Arctic Regions.....By Albert J. Booth                                             | 536 Special Express Ned, the Prince of Boy Engineers.....By Horace Appleton                  | 582 Huron Harry; or, The Haunted Skiff.....By James D. Montague                         |
| 490 The James Boys in Mexico.....By D. W. Stevens                                                                       | 537 The Shortys' Christmas and New Year's at Home—comic.....By Peter Pad                     | 583 Doomed; or, The Secret League of Boston.....By James D. Montague                    |
| 491 Old Fox; or, The Mystery of the Trunk.....By a Parisian Detective                                                   | 538 The James Boys' Brides.....By D. W. Stevens                                              | 584 The Maniac Rider; or, The Mystery of Hawkeswood Grange.....By Horace Appleton       |
| 492 The James Boys at Cracker Neck. By D. W. Stevens                                                                    | 539 The Spies of the Delaware.....By Kit Clyde                                               | 585 The Gipsies' Den.....By Kit Clyde                                                   |
| 493 Silvershot, the Sport from Sacramento.....By Kit Clyde                                                              | 540 Denver Dan, Jr., and His Band of Deadshots. By "Noname"                                  | 586 Matt Merry; or, The Life of the School.....By Captain Will Dayton                   |
| 494 The Silent Slayer; or, The Terror of the Chipewas.....By J. G. Bradley                                              | 541 The Steam Man of the Plains; or, The Terror of the West.....By Harry Enton               | 587 The Phantom Avenger; or, Dick Darling in Montana.....By Alexander Armstrong         |
| 495 The Irish Claude Duval as a Rebel.....By Captain Morgan Rattler                                                     | 542 On Deck; or, The Boy Pilot of Lake Erie.....By Howard De Vere                            | 588 Hugo, the Texan; or, The Demons of the Alamo.....By J. R. Scott                     |
| 496 Astray in the Clouds.....By a Retired Aeronaut                                                                      | 543 From Pole to Pole; or, The Sailor Boy Avenger. By Horace Appleton                        | 589 Lost on the Desert; or, The Guide's Treachery. By James D. Montague                 |
| 497 The Shortys Married and Settled Down—a sequel to all the Shorty stories—comic.....By Peter Pad                      | 544 Dick Wright and his Band of Cannibals.....By J. R. Scott                                 | 590 The Avengers' League.....By "Noname"                                                |
| 498 The Tree of Death.....By an Old Trapper                                                                             | 545 The Boy Captain; or, The Search for a Missing Will.....By Alexander Armstrong            | 591 The "Sea Wave's" Last Cruise; or, The Pirates' Cave.....By Kit Clyde                |
| 499 The Twin Detectives; or, True to Each Other. By Ralph Royal                                                         | 546 Pickle and Tickle; or, Mishaps and Mischiefs—comic.....By Peter Pad                      | 592 Cromwell's Boy Spy; or, The Roundheads and the Cavaliers.....By Horace Appleton     |
| 500 William Tell, the Dead Shot of the West.....By Harry Enton                                                          | 547 Fort Hayes; or, Black Eagle, the Avenger.... By Don Jenardo                              | 593 The Pirate Hermit; or, The Wolf's Legacy.... By Alexander Armstrong                 |
| 501 Trapper Duke; or, The Female Avenger.....By James D. Montague                                                       | 548 Noiseless Nat; or, Always Just Where He's Wanted.....By James D. Montague                | 594 Dick the Shadow; or, The Mysterious Trails of the Backwoods.....By J. R. Scott      |
| 502 Leon, the Outlaw; or, The Avenger of the Death Pass.....By James D. Montague                                        | 549 The Secrets Under the Sea.....By Kit Clyde                                               | 595 Fighting the Redskins; or, Beaver Bill's Last Trail.....By James D. Montague        |
| 503 Tommy Bounce Jr., in College—comic.....By Peter Pad                                                                 | 550 The James Boys' Band.....By D. W. Stevens                                                | 596 The Black Domino; or, The Jailer of the Tower.....By Kit Clyde                      |
| 504 Around the World; or, Fighting to Win.....By Harrigan & Hart                                                        | 551 Sam Sharpe at School.....By Captain Will Dayton                                          | 597 Frank Reade and his Steam Team.....                                                 |
| 505 Out With the "Jeannette"; or, Two Years Among Icebergs.....By a Herald Reporter                                     | 552 Privateer Tom—a sequel to "Captain Tom Drake".....By H. C. Emmet                         | 598 Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin.....By Commodore Ah-Look             |
| 506 Captain Tom Drake; or, The Young Privateers.....By H. C. Emmet                                                      | 553 Frank Reade and His Steam Horse. By Harry Enton                                          | 599 Dead Man's Pond; or, The Black Demon of the Sierras.....By Horace Appleton          |
| 507 Fred Ford; or, Life at Boarding-School.....By Captain Will Dayton                                                   | 554 Billy the Bootblack; or, The Trump Card Last. By Harrigan & Hart                         | 600 The Tiger of the Seas; or, Forced to be a Pirate. By Alexander Armstrong            |
| 508 Billy Bakkus, the Boy With the Big Mouth—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look                                             | 555 The Rival Scouts.....By J. R. Scott                                                      | 601 Harry O'Malley, the Young Irish Invincible. By Sergeant O'Donnell                   |
| 509 Bow and Arrow Jack, the Indian Nemesis.... By Kit Clyde                                                             | 556 The Coral Cave; or, Paul Philip's Cruise.....By Horace Appleton                          | 602 Arkansaw Bill, the Indian Spy.....By J. R. Scott                                    |
| 510 Arctic Phil, the Bear-Slayer of the Northern Seas.....By Alex. Armstrong                                            | 557 The Army Scout; or, The Mysteries of the West. By Kit Clyde                              | 603 The King of the Deep.....By Kit Clyde                                               |
| 511 Fred Baxter, the Wild Horse Tamer.....By J. M. Travers                                                              | 558 Missouri Jack and His Band of "7".....By James D. Montague                               | 604 Little Death Shot; or, the Gold-hunter's Ghost. By James D. Montague                |
| 512 The Brookfield Bank Robbers.....By D. W. Stevens                                                                    | 559 Lasso Luke; or, The Three Prairie Pard.....By Kit Clyde                                  | 605 The Magic Mirror.....By Don Jenardo                                                 |
| 513 The Border Bandits.....By James D. Montague                                                                         | 560 Shady Dell School; or, Haps and Mishaps of Schoolboy Life.....By Captain Will Dayton     | 606 Old Rube, the Ranger.....By J. R. Scott                                             |
| 514 The James Boys and Timberlake. By D. W. Stevens                                                                     | 561 The Man of Gold; or, Under the Shadow of Crime.....By Horace Appleton                    | 607 Frank Reade and His Steam Tally-Ho.....                                             |
| 515 Fighting Joe; or, The Game Man of the Plains. By Kit Clyde                                                          | 562 The Mad Man of the North Pole; or, The Boy Mazeppa of the Arctic Seas.....By Kit Clyde   | 608 Out with Barnum.....By Lieutenant E. H. Kellogg                                     |
| 516 Invincible Bill.....By Alexander Armstrong                                                                          | 563 Extree Nick, the New York Newsboy.....By Commodore Ah-Look                               | 609 Storm King Dick; or, The Boy Adventurers. By Captain Will Dayton                    |
| 517 Skeleton Gulch; or, Captain Texas and His Band of Vultures.....By J. R. Scott                                       | 564 Oath-bound; or, The Jack of Spades. By J. R. Scott                                       | 610 Frank Durham, the King of the Cowboys.....By Kit Clyde                              |
| 518 The Irish Claude Duval as a Privateer.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler                                                | 565 Custer's Last Shot; or, The Boy Trailer of the Little Horn.....By Colonel J. M. Travers  | 611 Hildebrandt Fitzgum; or, My Quiet Little Cousin—comic.....By Tom Teaser             |
| 519 The Wolverine; or, The Count's Treachery.....By a Parisian Detective                                                | 566 Gassy Hyde; or, The Fire-Boy Fiend of Philadelphia.....By Corporal Morgan Rattler        | 612 St. Swift, the Prince of Trappers.....By James D. Montague                          |
| 520 Ben Bolt; or, the Young Blacksmith.....By James D. Montague                                                         | 567 Fred Hazard, the Star of the Circus.....By Horace Appleton                               | 613 The Hyena Hunters; or, In the Wilds of Africa.....By Harry Rockwood                 |
| 521 The James Boys in Court.....By D. W. Stevens                                                                        | 568 Coonskin Kit, the Dashing Government Scout. By Kit Clyde                                 | 614 The Phantom Pirate; or, The Fatal Oath.....By Alexander Armstrong                   |
| 522 Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For—comic.....By Peter Pad                                                        | 569 Denver Dan, Jr., and the Renegade. By "Noname"                                           | 615 The Young Fenian Chief.....                                                         |
| 523 Northwoods Tom, the Athlete Hunter.....By Kit Clyde                                                                 | 570 Billy Badger; or, The Mysterious Unknown of the Bank Robbers' Band. By James D. Montague | 616 Among the Crocodiles; or, Adventures in India.....By Harry Rockwood                 |
| 524 Only a Cabin-Boy; or, Saved by Grit.....By Harry Rockwood                                                           | 571 The James Boys' Fate.....By D. W. Stevens                                                | 617 Lance and Lasso; or, The Young Mustangers of the Plains.....By Marline Manly        |
| 525 Astray in Africa.....By Walter Fenton                                                                               | 572 Mail-Car Ned; or, Falsely Accused.....By Alexander Armstrong                             | 618 The Chief of the Delawares.....By Kit Clyde                                         |
| 526 Tiger Ted.....By Alexander Armstrong                                                                                | 573 The Maniac Pirate.....By Horace Appleton                                                 | 619 The Shortys Out Fishing—comic.....By Peter Pad                                      |
| 527 The James Boys' Cave.....By D. W. Stevens                                                                           | 574 Smokestack Bob, the Hero of the Rail. By J. R. Scott                                     | 620 Coal Mine Tom; or, Fighting the Molly Maguires.....By Sergeant O'Donnell            |
| 528 The Black Mask; or, The Vow of Silence.....By T. W. Hanshew                                                         | 575 Nimble Nip; or, the Imp of the School—comic. By Tom Teaser                               | 621 The Captain of the Nine; or, Always a Leader. By Harry Rockwood                     |
| 529 Sou'west Fred.....By Kit Clyde                                                                                      | 576 King Morgan, the Terror of the Seas.....By Alexander Armstrong                           | 622 Sassy Sam; or, A Bootblack's Voyage Around the World—comic.....By Commodore Ah-Look |
| 530 Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer—comic; a sequel to "Rob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?".....By Peter Pad | 577 The Convict's Oath; or, The Prisoner of Van Dieman's Land.....By James D. Montague       | 623 Young Putnam; or, Always to the Front.....By Harrigan & Hart                        |
| 531 The James Boys as Bank Robbers. By D. W. Stevens                                                                    | 578 The Serpent Queen; or, The Mysterious Night-Riders of Georgia.....By Kit Clyde           | 624 Nugget Ned; or, The Mountain Queen's Vengeance.....By Morris Redwing                |
| 532 The Black Hercules.....By Colonel J. M. Travers                                                                     | 579 The Fortune Hunters; or, Two Yankee Boys in Australia.....By Alexander Armstrong         | 625 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Steam Wonder.....                                         |
| 533 Fireman Dick; or, The Pride of Number 9.....By James D. Montague                                                    | 580 The Fatal Star.....By Horace Appleton                                                    | 626 The Spy of "76"; or, The Green Mountain Boys.....By Kit Clyde                       |
| 534 The Shortys Out For Fun—comic.....By Peter Pad                                                                      | 581 The Bootblack's Plot; or, The Mystery of a Night.....By J. R. Scott                      | 627 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Boat.....                                        |
| 535 Red River-Bill, the Prince of Scouts. By J. R. Scott                                                                |                                                                                              |                                                                                         |

Do not fail to purchase one from your newsdealers, as they all have them on hand; or they will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price, 5 cents.

## WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY--Special Numbers. Price 10c. Each.

- |                                                          |                                                            |                                                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 The Life and Trial of Frank James.....By D. W. Stevens | 7 A Bad Egg.....By Tom Teaser                              | 14 Four Happy Fellows; or, Muddled and Mixed. By Sam Smiley |
| 2 True Stories Told by Frank James.....By D. W. Stevens  | 8 Muldoon, the Solid Man.....By Tom Teaser                 | 15 Muldoon Abroad.....By Tom Teaser                         |
| 3 Frank James' Prison Life.....By D. W. Stevens          | 9 Jimmy Grimes; or, Sharp, Smart and Saucy.. By Tom Teaser | 16 Senator Muldoon.....By Tom Teaser                        |
| 4 Joe Junk, the Whaler.....By Peter Pad                  | 10 Two in a Box.....By Tom Teaser                          | 17 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling.....By Peter Pad      |
| 5 The Deacon's Son.....By Tom Teaser                     | 11 Muldoon's Boarding-House.....By Tom Teaser              | 18 Comic Sketches.....By "Ed"                               |
| 6 The Funny Four.....By Peter Pad                        | 12 Ike; or, He Never Got Left.....By Tom Teaser            | 19 Ted The Joker; or, Fun All Around.. By Sam Smiley        |
|                                                          | 13 Muldoon's Brother Dan.....By Tom Teaser                 | 20 The Fun Maker.....By Sam Smiley                          |

**FRANK TOUSEY** Publisher

Box 2730.

34 and 36 North Moore Street, N.Y.